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Selections.

THE NECESSITY OF AN ALLIANCE WITH THE SLAVES.

[From an eloquent letter to *The Tribune* by SAMUEL WILKESON, who was with McClellan's army in the Chickahominy swamps.]

No one knows the nervous exhaustion of a single battle, save he who has gone through it. None can tell the waste of vitality inevitably undergone on a line of pickets in face of the enemy's sharp-shooters, by the bravest of men, save they who have repeatedly kept this vigil with Death. That exhaustion and this waste are repaired by wise commanders. The rebels repaired them by transferring the labor of digging trenches and building breastworks from their white soldiers to their black slaves. *We never repaired them*—but we mercilessly tapped the unspent wine of life by marching our Northern and unacclimated soldiers from the picket duelling ground, and the sentry's path, to every hard labor known to defensive warfare, and the opening and settlement of a wilderness country. Drummers, tap your drums, and call your rolls, Sergeants, and find me, if you can, 1,280 men of Sickles's Brigade. Where are the rest? I take these negroes of Virginia to witness against the matricidal policy of carrying on a war against our country instead of against our country's enemies, that they have been killed with the shovel and the pickaxe—that they have literally dug their own graves and channelled their permanent admission into our swamp-encircled hospitals. These negroes of Virginia the witnesses—panting as with fever for the privilege of contributing their acclimated labor to this war, that should have been a war of Freedom, but thus far has only been a war of infanticide—the killing of her own warrior sons by an infatuated nation mother. Why do we not employ the slaves? To take the whole question by the front, why have we not made the slaves of the South our military allies in every respect?

To whatever of Reason and Justice sensible men have to justify this alliance, I unhesitatingly add the testimony of a quarter of a year's experience in our Peninsular War, *that it is utterly impossible for us to subdue the rebels without an alliance with their slaves.*

My radical reason for this faith is, that no nation can long carry on war which is not economical. Thus far through this war, the first throb of economy, or the beginning of a throb, has not been felt. When the war was organized, it seemed as if the devil, or the Border State politicians, and at the head of them the Secretary of ——, had woven, bankruptcy deeply into it, and prepared for us inevitable failure. But I find in the character of the Southern country, in its immense extent, and in the implacable, domineering temper of its white population, insurmountable obstacles to our unaided success.

We demonstrated before Manassas that we needed the aid of the slaves. The history of war does not present an example of such chronic ignorance of the enemy's strength and movements as we camped stolid under for six months, within ten miles of the foe. When they began to evacuate a corn-field, which only our thick ignorance had converted into a Sevastopol, we knew nothing of it. They marched away with cannon, waggons, food, baggage, everything—not leaving a dollar's worth of property behind—making a faultless retreat. We knew nothing of it. A pedler from a New England State, driving a horse of the barebones breed, was the first man to enter the evacuated Manassas, and as he stood up in his waggon front, gripping his clothes-line reins, was the first man to wonder at the puerile character of the school-yard dirt works before which an army of over 200,000 men had been kept at bay. Nay, not kept at bay by the children's dirt-works—but by the consequences of an ignorance, which could not possibly have been nursed and maintained, had the right hand of brotherhood been stretched out to the negroes in Richmond, and had the President or Commander-in-Chief said: "Tell us what your War Department does; where the rebel forces are; how many they are; and tell us this daily, and you shall forever be free." Wells, Butterfield & Co. never ran a surer express between Buffalo and Albany than the underground military express that would have been run between Richmond and Washington on this initial alliance between the white Union men of the North and the black Union men of the South. Initial Alliance! Why, we have everywhere been helpless without these blacks, or exposed to haphazard. Landed at Fort Monroe, and floundered through the main road up to Hampton and above it—where were we? Without maps, without guides. The country was a wilderness. We had not a scrap of a survey as big as the hand, that showed the courses of the innumerable wood roads that wound through it. The old Coast Survey chart of the soundings of the York and James Rivers, with the single turnpike to Yorktown, Williamsburg and Richmond, was the guide over which Generals, compass in hand, *guessed* where this road led to—on what that debouched—where this would strike the Warwick river—and if that would give firm bottom to artillery. Where are the enemy? No one knew. It was safe to conclude that they were behind their line of defenses which stretched across the Peninsula. Where are their defenses? No one knew, save that when we got to Yorktown we would find a part of them. The rest it was proposed to butt on to. Forward! Oh, how must the Genius of Rebellion have grinned, from her outlook, at this unguided wandering in an unmapped wilderness of an army of invasion! Maps! Useless works of the engineering art, when negroes, live maps, that could see, and walk, and talk, and point with the index finger—crowds of them—stood expectant within reach of our army, and hungered and thirsted to be employed to conduct us to the enemy by the driest and best paths—*maps capable of leading us, with unerring certainty, through the woods to the lowest and weakest parts of the line of entrenchments the rebels had thrown up between the York and the James Rivers*—aged maps, sold from plantation to plantation, through the Peninsula, and familiar from ancient coon-hunting, and still persistent night-wandering, with every road and swamp in it, who, turning their backs upon those accursed cords of shovels and pickaxes docked at Fortress Monroe, and walking away from them with salvation speed, would have led our army right up to the places of weakness, and halting us in the wood, said to the commander, "Dis am de place, massa, where de army of de Lord and of Freedom can bust fru, just as fru a garden fence. Gib em de bayonet, and leave de rest wid de Lord!" I knew 108,000 men in April last, who, under such guidance and such God-speed would have stormed the gates of hell.

How self-evident it is that this alliance with the slaves would have saved the precious, time-wasting preparations to besiege Yorktown—have avoided the lazar-house curse of existence and toil on the Warwick River, and averted that slaughter of the innocents of the Vermont Regiments at Lee's Mills, whom Ayers's steel-gauntletted hands, stretched over, and dripping with flames and shooting shot and shell, could scarcely pluck from the bloody ruin upon which imbecility had flung them. You, whose crape and tears date from the sacrificial day of Williamsburg, will it comfort you to know that our attack there in front was unnecessary—that roads circled the enemy's position—that slaves could have conducted us through them, and that by flank attacks we could have bagged or crushed the entire army we were pursuing. *There is no doubt whatever about this.* Oh, so unfortunately, there is just as little doubt that we had refused alliance to the slave. The retribution of our military error was terrible—was it not just?

The only criticism I shall make to-day upon the battle of the Seven Pines is, that it should not have been fought. It was a defence. We are here to attack, and not to be attacked. We started from Fortress Monroe for Richmond. We should have gone there without tents, as fast as marching and fighting could have taken us there—the negroes guiding us by day—by night, bringing us intelligence upon which our columns could safely march and surely win victories. The slave being our ally, the campaign in Virginia had now been closed, and the heart of the rebellion had nearly ceased to throb. How fares it with us, on the contrary? *Who dare tell the truth of the condition of this army?*

I have talked with many intelligent men of color on this subject. The superior man of all is known as 'Tom." I one day drew him out of his guarded silence on this theme by saying, "I am surprised, Tom, that the negroes in this Peninsula don't fight for us."

"I reckon you ain't, Mr. W. You know too much."

"Why don't they fight for us, Tom?"

"They expected to, sir, and all the colored men, from here to Texas, expected to."

"Why didn't they?"

"You know as well as I. We were driven from your lines and camps, and pretty plainly told that you didn't want anything to do with us; that you meant to carry on the war, so as to leave us in slavery at the end of the war. So we left you to carry on the war as you could, and a pretty poor fist you are making of it, too, Mr. W.," said Tom, warming into earnestness. "The North *can't* conquer the South, without the help of the slaves. We men of color, who have communication with each other through all the States (the leading men, I mean) *know this.* We know, too, that if the war lasts, one party *or the other party* will give us our freedom."

"What is that you say—the slaveholders free their slaves?"

"They certainly will do it, if they can't whip you otherwise. You may depend on that. *My friends through the South all tell me so.*" Our position, Mr. W., is like that of the San Domingo blacks. They put their aid in the market, between the whites and the mulattoes—put it for sale. The price was their freedom. We mean to sell ourselves for freedom—*we hope to you Northern men.* If your politicians and Generals kick us away, we will try to make our market with the rebels. But you had better bargain with us—had better free us and arm us. How long would this war last if we were freed by act of Congress and the President's Proclamation—both of them ratified in General Orders by the Commanders of all the Union armies in the South? Why, the rebel armies would melt away in a week. Every officer and every private who had any interest of any kind in a plantation, or village even, would run straight home to protect it against imagined injury. Consider us armed; there's no use of talking, Mr. W. The revolution at the South is accomplished, and the Union is saved, *and you can't save it without the social revolution.* And, mark my words, Mr. W., *the attempt to save it without doing us justice will end in your own political slavery, and your ruin*, and in this England will be the principal agent. There are colored men in Washington who know the value of the dinner-table talk of great men, and Jeff. Davis, and Keitt, and Floyd, have always made much of the jealousy in England of the manufacturers of your North. You have got to have us, Mr. W. Our climate will kill your troops, save in December, January, February, and March. The South is a wilderness. You are ignorant of it, and can be ambushed every day. And it is so big that if with half a million men you overrun it, it would take a million men to occupy it. And, then, what sort of a Union will you have saved, in which the people of thirteen States refuse to take political action, and have but to raise their fingers to set them loose upon you, and drive you Northward. You had better take us, Mr. W. Indeed, you have got to take us. *For if you wish to back out of this war you won't be permitted to do it.* You have got to conquer or be conquered. I know the slaveholders. They went into this war for power, and if you don't whip them in Virginia and South Carolina, they will whip you in Pennsylvania and New York, and then reconstruct the Union, with themselves at the top and you at the bottom. *You white men of the North will go into slavery, unless you take us black men of the South out of slavery; and, Mr. W., you have not a great deal of time left in which to decide what you will do!*"

Tom speaks the sentiments of his race. Statesmen and soldiers will heed them. S. W.

A SUNDAY AT PORT royal.

THE NEGRO SUNDAY-SCHOOL — THE CONTRABAND REGIMENT.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1st REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, July 7, 1862.

I HAVE just beheld the two best things that have yet come out of this war—a Sunday-school for negroes in the State of South Carolina, and an embryo negro regiment. In accordance with a promise expressed in a recent letter, I am about to give my experience of, and impressions with regard to them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

When our party arrived, school had not yet commenced. It was summoned by a decently-dressed negro, ringing a bell suspended outside the building, at the sound of which the scholars appeared, dropping in by ones and twos—first the children, then boys and girls, and grown-up men and women. The very first—a shy, dusky urchin of five, who came decorously in and deposited himself in a corner—was promptly rewarded for his zeal with a quarter dollar, given to him by a middle-aged gentleman, clad in a loose flannel coat, ample, blue, military trowsers and straw hat. His quietly-resolute face, and thin, grizzled mustache, were strongly indicative of character; one did not need the removing or touching of hats on the part of bystanders to announce that he was *somebody.* It was Maj.-Gen. Hunter, Commander of the Department of the South, who will be known in future histories of the rebellion as the man who first acted upon the necessity of wresting from the rebels their main weapon—slavery—and striking at them with it. I was better pleased to see Gen. Hunter than many another of his rank that I could name.

But the school-room is filling. Immediately in front of me (I sit below the principal teacher's desk, facing the scholars) is a bench, seating nearly a dozen very young children—none, I should say, older than four years, two or three scarcely one; hardly any of their little, black, bare legs touch the ground. They are all cleanly dressed; one has a gay straw hat, decorated with ribbons, but the majority are bare-headed. Their soft-skinned, dusky, infantile faces and white eyeballs look upward at us, beneath the close-curling black wool, with that appealing glance peculiar to the negro—always, to my thinking, irresistibly touching, and suggestive of dependence on, humility toward, and entreaty for merciful consideration at the hands of, a superior race. One has a really charming countenance—none are positively ugly. The physiognomy of one queer little thing is, indeed, comically suggestive of its owner having recently eaten a bad oyster, and being dubious as to results (as a friend whispers in my ear); and another, seated upon the ground, being too small for elevation to the bench, is engrossed with her toes, to the exclusion of all other sources of interest; but all are, in Southern phrase, "likely" children, and well-behaved.

Behind them, at least four forms were occupied by negro men, young fellows for the most part, with an occasional old one. Of the latter, one had a face that might have beseemed an African bishop of the age of St. Augustine. The juniors were all black—generally very black—quiet, serious, and attentive. On the opposite benches sat the women, young, with but one exception, that of a wrinkled negress of at least three score, with her head bound up in a gay handkerchief, and her hands resting on a staff or crutch. Probably she came hither influenced by devotion or curiosity. With partially closed eyes she sat looking at the younger women, whose heavy, but not unintelligent features were sometimes intent on the pictures in their well-thumbed spelling-books, sometimes raised in observation of those around them. At least three rows of boys and an equal number of girls on either side of the teacher's desk completed the number of scholars—less than usual—in attendance.

To this teacher's desk there soon ascended Mr. McMath, a gentleman admirably qualified for his present position, one, too, who has evidently won more than the esteem of his pupils. He began the exercises by giving out, line by line, and verse by verse, a hymn, repeated after him, and then sung by the pupils. This was followed by a brief address, another hymn, and the Lord's prayer; when the active business of teaching commenced, to be continued until noon, when school broke up for the day.

As I sat in the humble room, with its doors and windows open, the bright morning and God's sunlight without, listening to the soft mellow voices and imperfect accentuation of the words of the simple hymns; as I beheld the dark faces elevated in humble faith in the wisdom and good intentions of their instructors, or poring over their books, I felt that it was good to be there—that not for nothing had the "hated Yankee" set his foot upon the soil of South Carolina. It will be hard to efface its traces, or to make a slave of any of the pupils of this Sunday school. By and by they will get to reading such axioms as "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto," and making personal applications of the same. And then what's to become of the Constitution and property in "niggers"?

Mr. McMath's assistants were all volunteers from the ranks. I thought one who used a black board and chalk, marking up simple sentences and then catechizing his scholars as to the letters, spelling, and words, got along best of all, though others did well with their books. With the natural exception of the younger children, all the pupils exhibited an earnest desire to learn, and as much proficiency as would have been displayed by average whites. The women, I thought, manifested particular attention; among the young men there were some heavy lumps of ish faces, sorely perplexed by the hardness of the stones which must be broken in making a path to knowledge, but none among the women.

THE NEGRO REGIMENT.

I left the school-house with unalloyed gratification, and in the afternoon went to see the negro regiment, the 1st South Carolina Volunteers. Its headquarters are a mile to the right of Gen. Hunter's, but one of the muddy creeks common to the country renders a detour of twice the distance inland necessary to reach the locality. Passing out of the extensive wall of stockades encircling Uncle Sam's possessions on this island, and through two or three neglected corn and cotton-fields, skirted by tall trees or deep woods, I came upon a pretty lane or avenue with quite a village of negro-huts on either side of it. This was the Drayton plantation; a short time brought me to the house in which I write.

It is an old-fashioned wooden one, two stories in height, dilapidated (like most Southern country houses), and standing upon an open foundation of brick, with two tall, formal chimneys, apparently growing through it, and porches in front and rear, the former looking seaward. Like the house of the Reeve in Chaucer, it is all "yshadowed with greene trees," the cedar, the cotton-wood, the live-oak, fig, mulberry, and magnolia, all emerging from the sand or light soil accruing from vegetable decomposition. Owned once by the rebel Gen. Drayton, it now affords quarters for the officers of the first negro regiment raised in South Carolina, the ex-slaves being encamped in front.

The occasion was rather a special one, Com. Dupont and staff being present. Gen. Hunter and Gov. Saxton (whose headquarters are now at Beaufort) had also been expected, but did not appear; possibly the arrival of a mail from the North, and responsibilities therefrom, detained them. A battalion drill, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Gubby, after that singing by the men—such was the afternoon's programme.

The drill began at 5½ p.m., in an open space to the left of the house, bordering a little grove of live-oaks and other trees, whose branches reach the thick undergrowth beneath and create a shade even in the noontide, sheltering the solitary tomb of "James Stoney, who died at his late residence, on Hilton Head Island, on the 10th of February, 1827, aged 54." The embryo regiment, somewhat less than 500 in number, was drawn up in line, facing the evening shadows, and put through the manual of arms by an aid of Gen. Hunter's, temporarily its head in the absence of Col. McKinzie, who recently returned to his native State of Illinois in charge of Maj. Wright, wounded at the fight on James Island. And this is what the negro regiment looked like:

A row of strong, sturdy negroes, averaging from 21 to 30 years in age, and 5 feet 8 inches in height, clad in a decent military uniform of dark blue, wearing felt hats, and armed with rifles of Belgian manufacture, and bayonets, the which they handled as promptly and dexterously in obedience to the word of command as one could wish to see—as well as any equal number of white men, not especially selected, could have done. As observable at the Sunday-school, I noticed a look of honest endeavor in their black faces indicative of an earnest desire to learn, their docility of character rendering them apt pupils. I was told by their officers, and the drill bore witness, that their proficiency was remarkable. When the regiment was marched by flank off the parade-ground, until it arrived in front of headquarters and there formed by divisions in a double row, I thought its steel gleamed as brightly, its ranks stood as steady as many a one I had seen in New York armories, duly-puffed of newspapers. Also, that Toussaint L'Overture was a negro.

All these men have been slaves—slaves who have abandoned or been abandoned by their masters. Talk to them, and you shall hear their stories, some suggestive enough. That intelligent-looking sergeant (who can read and write) was house-servant, coachman, and chattel to Mr. Stewart of Beaufort, one of the 560 furnished by that charming little summering-place to create the rebel forts Beauregard and Walker. His master carried him off, up the country, but *Prince* distrusted the universal Southern fiction that the Yankees would transport him to Cuba, and there sell him, being somehow persuaded that his freedom lay in their direction, and this conviction he presently acted upon. That muscular mulatto, once a field hand, possesses such strength that his owner required that he should pack 100 *more* pounds of cotton a day than his fellows—hence, *Jack's* back is "callused" with lashes. A third has lived for six months together in the swamp—been hunted by the State militia—captured, punished, and set to double labor. One day, his master rode into the cotton-field, and perceiving but one-half of the three-parts done task, ordered *Pompey* to strip, with the intention of administering the usual stimulant. Blinded with rage, he would not listen to the true state of the case. Stung by atrocious injustice into manhood, the slave rebelled, armed himself with an ax, and defied "Massa." For this, he lay three months and three weeks in irons, in Beaufort jail, receiving forty lashes daily. The marks are on his body, to testify of it. Subsequently, he ran away, and when opportunity occurred, joined the Yankees. He is just such a black man as Southern advertisements, ornamented with a neat little cut of a negro running away, describe as "very dangerous." I hope he will prove so when brought face to face with the whole generation of "massas."

"All lies, these nigger stories!" says pro-slavery conservative Democracy. Very good, gentlemen! You *won't* have the negro at any price, we know; let the South *go on* having him, and see what comes of it.

Mr. Gubby's sermon had an appropriate text from Timothy, exhorting his hearers "to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." It was not above the comprehension of his audience, who listened to it attentively. Then, on a request from the minister, one of the negroes prayed, his prayer being of a touching and even eloquent character.

He began by expressing thanks for the occasion, for that the white man, "his superior in color, thought it not robbery to come and teach dis nation of bondmen de way out of bondage into liberty." He blessed those set over his companions, trusting that the latter might learn from them their duty to God and their country. He exhorted them not to expect the white man to come hither from "the cold land of the North, where the cool winds blow freedom, to fight and bleed and die for the negro, except the negro was willing to help himself." He then prayed for "his cruel old massa, who was somewhere dis blessed afternoon in de pine barrens of de main land, fightin' to destroy dis glorious country, and to try to make dis people slaves forever," imploring for him repentance and a blessing. He added a benediction on the President of the United States, trusting that though he might never see him in the flesh he might meet him in the next world, "where all are equal." With a final supplication for the speedy return of peace, the prayer concluded.

This negro's name was Columbus Simmons, a sergeant. "One of nature's noblemen," testified the officer who gave me his name, "we can trust him anywhere."

The prayer ended, the men marched to their tents, stacked arms and returned, forming as before, when they sang several hymns. I thought I detected a spice of the native African in their rendering of the rhythm and choruses, and am certain of it with respect to the dances I witnessed at a later period in the evening. But the singing ended the day's devotions, the guests departed, and the regiment went back to quarters, disporting themselves according to their own pleasure until tattoo. Then lights were put out, and only the noise of the frogs and locusts disturbed the silence that rested on the Drayton plantation.

To Gen. Hunter belongs the honor of originating this regiment. The men, gathered together from this and the adjacent islands, have all been subjected to a surgical examination, but they are not yet mustered into the United States service, consequently they receive no pay. Well fed, however, and kindly treated, they are willing and anxious to perfect themselves as soldiers; only, accustomed to the license of plantation life after working hours, they are often irked by the necessary restraint. Of course, therefore, some run off at times to see wife or children, generally returning. They work hard at the pier and elsewhere, at the risk of undeserved derision, and even brutality. Too much credit can hardly be given to their officers—they are all young men—for their moral courage in assuming and retaining positions rendered onerous by responsibility and unpleasant by the miserable prejudice attaching to "a nigger regiment." Where all are good, it may be thought invidious to single out one; nevetheless, I would especially instance Capt. Charles Trowbridge of Company A. He was the first to volunteer, the first to place a musket in the hands of a South Carolina negro. His whole soul is in the work, his patience, his zeal and assiduity are equally untiring. If they be only seconded by half as much on the part of those for whose benefit it is intended, the negro regiment will be a success indeed, and an epoch in history.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN THE WESTERN ARMY.

ROME, O., July 8, 1862.

To the Editor of The Ashtabula Sentinel.

ENCLOSED you will find a letter dated June 12th, in Tennessee, received by me from one of John Brown's men, written since they have been under the slave-returning Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, which gives a sketch of Mitchell's ill success in that nefarious work. If, in your judgment, extracts would be of interest to the readers of *The Sentinel*, you are at liberty to use the same. You can use or withhold the name of the writer, as you see proper.

By letters received since the enclosed, it appears that some fifty slaves are now in the Jayhawkers' camp, and not one sent back as yet, although slave-hunters are in and about the camp almost daily. Why is it that our men must be abused and degraded by slave-catching Generals, after Congress has declared that it is no part of the business of the soldier to return slaves? Yours, etc., F. J. REEVE.

EXTRACTS.

On the march to this place, we stopped and bought corn for our regiment of a rich slaveholder, and while there, Capt. Hoyt found a secession flag in the house, and we learned that he had worked his slaves on the earthworks at Columbus, Island No. 10 and Fort Donelson; but according to Gen. Mitchell's orders, he must have pay for his corn and be treated with civility. After we left, two families of his slaves followed us and came into camp here, and the master (Simms) came and got an order from Gen. Mitchell to take them. He got the two men and started; but I saw him and went and told them to come with me and keep away from him. Simms informed me that he had an order from Gen. Mitchell to take them back, and ordered the darkies to follow him. I exhibited to his excited vision a navy revolver, with advice that with all the orders in Christendom he could not take a slave from this camp, and that the least interference from him would prove fatal, and that if he succeeded in getting out of camp alive he would be in luck. I hid the negroes, and circulated the news through camp, and I tell you Jennison's Jayhawkers were aroused! At first, he got Mitchell out in person to help him find them; but the General, seeing the state of excitement which prevailed in the Jayhawkers' camp, wisely sent Simms off guarded, and in a secret manner, doubtless thereby saving his life as both officers and men in our regiment said, "kill him!" Then Mitchell issued a[illegible] order that the slaves be turned out of camp. Meanwhile, a man went to inform Lieut.-Col. Anthony, who was out of camp, of what was occurring, and he came in immediately, and said the negroes need not to be hid, but they might bring them to his table and let them take supper with him—that he was ready for this issue now, and that no man could take a negro from this camp, and he immediately instructed the guard to shoot any man whom he might see trying to force a negro from camp, and that he would punish any sentinel who should neglect to execute this order. So Gen. Mitchell had an opportunity to try to enforce Halleck's Order No. 3, or let the "Jayhawkers" "run the machine," and he has not attempted to enforce the order. "The matter is," that he cannot command enough in his brigade to take a slave from the Jayhawkers' camp.

All the troops here, unless it be the 2d Illinois Cavalry, agree with the Jayhawkers, but they look to the Jayhawkers to take the brunt of the thing; and those who do not agree with us do not want to be called upon to enter our camp to get slaves, as the "Jayhawkers" bear the name of making a success of their undertakings.

A few slaves came into camp last night, and probably will continue to come in, and I want to see the thing tested. Simms's negroes have all got employment as cooks.

Gen. Mitchell is one of the lowest of Southern dirt-eaters; and I hear that he said, about the time he took command, that "he had got the Jayhawkers just where he wanted them, and he should keep them there." But I have faith that he has taken too big a contract if he intends to make slave-hunters of us. Capt. Hoyt gives ample satisfaction as yet.

Correspondence of The Principia.

CAMP NEAR TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, June 21, 1862.

While engaged in taking care of my horse, I heard an unusual noise in the rear of my tent, and, on looking around, I saw a man in citizen's dress, together with two of the men belonging to our regiment, actually dragging a fourth man, who had been stripped of all his clothing, except his pants. Oh, that look of horror and despair that was depicted on that man's face! It was as though all hope had fled, and dark despair, with all its attendant horrors, had settled down upon him. God grant that I may never again behold such a scene! It was enough to draw sympathy from the hardest heart.

But this dark picture was not allowed to pass without its gleam of light. Suddenly a Lieutenant (belonging to the same company that the two soldiers did) emerged from his tent, and inquired what it all meant, and was told that "the d—d nigger had run away from the man, and that he had come after him, and was now taking him away."

"But how do I know that he belongs to you?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"I will swear to it," said the man-stealer.

"Yes, and so would almost any traitor, when he could make a thousand dollars by it," said the Lieutenant. He then ordered his men to let go their hold of the man, as no person in the service had a right to aid in the capture of fugitive slaves. But as they had received the promise of five dollars each, if the fiend succeeded in getting his victim, they still held on to him with a firm grasp. But as time was precious, for the thing must be done in a hurry, in order to make as little excitement in the camp as possible, the Lieutenant did not wait long for the men to obey his orders. So, seizing one of them by the throat, he soon made him let go his hold, and the other concluded that it was best for him to quit before the Lieutenant got his hands on him. Then they accused the Lieutenant of leaving the prints of his thumb and fingers on the soul-driver's own throat. Be that as it may, the slave got away, and he did not want telling to run but once, and well might he run, for he was running for dear liberty.

For this act of humanity, the Lieutenant has been arrested and confined in his quarters, there to await trial by court-martial or released, as our General shall think best.

Let shame and disgrace rest upon those two men, who, for the paltry sum of five dollars, would sell their Lord and Master, in the person of one of his little ones!

I know not what became of the fugitive; God grant that he may succeed in gaining that liberty for which he so ardently strove. The Lieutenant spoken of above has long been noted for his anti-slavery views, so much so that he has often been called the "Black Abolition Lieutenant." Nearly all the rest of the officers in the regiment are pro-slavery in their views, having volunteered (as they say) to restore the Union to its former position. But the Lieutenant had gained many friends in the regiment, and it is a fact that no person interposed any obstacle to the escape of the fugitive, after his release from the would-be kidnapper, although he had to run nearly the whole length of the camp, before he could be under cover of the bush. But the act, on the part of the Lieutenant, was so bold, almost in defiance of the influence, if not of the positive orders of our commanders, that his friends stood aghast, while his enemies rejoiced at what they supposed would prove the downfall of the "Black Abolitionist."

This outrage has been carried to such an extent that it has become a serious matter of doubt, in my mind, whether I ought longer to hold a position in an army that seems to be fighting against God. And I am not the only officer that is harrassed with such doubts. And there are many privates who, knowing my sentiments, have opened their minds to me on this subject, and would, if they could, leave the service; not that they love their country less, for with all her faults they love her still; neither are they cowards, for none have done better service than they. But they fear, and well they may fear, the result of being found fighting against God.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CORINTH, July 10, 1862.

Several of the leading officers of the Kansas troops, now moving toward this point, have been placed under arrest, and their regiments threatened with disbandment. And why? Because neither officers nor men have shown any great zeal in enforcing the notorious General Order No. 3. During the march of the Kansas Brigade through Kentucky and Western Tennessee, a large percentage of the slave population, acting from the instinctive desire of escaping from involuntary servitude, that the appearance of our armies seems to awaken everywhere in the South, notwithstanding the pro-slavery professions of so many of our Generals, managed to place themselves beyond the control of their masters. The Kansas men, though sympathizing strongly with the runaways, never made any special exertions, either by word or deed, to encourage their flight. But, on the other hand, when some of the fugitives happened to find the way to their encampments, they did not degrade themselves by driving them out, although required to do so by Gen. Mitchell. And for this prevalence of humane feelings over inhuman military regulations, some of the officers are to be court-martialed, and some of the regiments threatened to be mustered out of the service.

Now, knowing that, in the cases at the bottom of this trouble, only masters actively disloyal now, or at least up to the appearance of the Union troops, are concerned, I ask, what shall be thought of this suicidal policy at the present stage of national affairs? The government cries for more men. Its Generals, for the sake of gratifying their own pro-slavery proclivities and those of rebel sympathizers, attempt to get tried officers and seasoned soldiers out of the service. Suppose a thousand or ten thousand negroes find their liberty by the indifference of a regiment of our troops to Order No. 3, will the fact warrant any commander to deprive the country of the services of the latter, because secessionists lose those of the former, which was made, and will be made, should another opportunity offer, available, directly or indirectly, for rebel purposes? Is there not an express law of Congress prohibiting the employment of Union soldiers in slave-catching? Do not Union Generals in South Carolina, by special authority of the government, not only admit blacks within their lines, but use them wherever and however they can? Does it not stamp our soldiers as unfeeling brutes—in the eyes of all civilized humanity—to force wretched fellow-beings, following their natural impulses to freedom, back into bondage at the point of the bayonet? Will not all our professions of waging this terrible war in behalf of human liberties be pronounced ineffable hypocrisy? Will not, if there is any just Providence, such pandering to the prime and only cause of the rebellion retard the success of our arms?

Among the officers placed under arrest for want of promptness in interposing for the benefit of rebel slave-owners, who had lost some of their chattels, are Lieut.-Col. D. R. Anthony and Capt. John L. Mo[illegible] of the 7th Kansas Cavalry. Let Gen. Halleck, to whom they had to report themselves here, order a court-martial from among the minions of slavery, and have these valuable officers dismissed. Where will the disgrace ultimately and justly rest?

GEN. BANKS AND THE "COLOR."

From The Evening Post.

THE resolution of Congress inquiring whether blacks were allowed to ride in the government waggons in the retreat from Strasburg is well answered by Gen. Banks in the following letter:

WINCHESTER, June 19, 1862.

Hon. D. W. GOOCH—*Dear Sir:* In answer to your inquiry I have the honor to say there is no foundation of fact for the statement contained in the resolution enclosed to me. No person, not belonging to the army, white or black, was allowed to occupy or use government transportation of any kind on the march of my command from Strasburg.

If any instance occurred, it was, with one exception, not only without authority, but against orders, and has not yet come to my knowledge. Citizens, traders, refugees, and fugitives were protected in the occupancy of their own waggons, and allowed to move with the government train in order, and no further.

The rear guard, infantry and artillery, halted in the rear of Martinsburg from 2 o'clock till evening. When at a considerable distance on our march, we overtook a small party on foot. My attention was attracted by a little girl, about 8 years of age, who was toddling over the stones by the wayside, and I asked her how far she had travelled. "From Winchester," she said.

We were then about 27 miles on our march. I requested the cannoneers to give her a lift, and the gallant men who had hung upon the rear of the column for its defense the greater part of the distance, answered with alacrity.

No successful efforts were made to ascertain her complexion, but it is not impossible that she belonged to the class referred to in the resolution, and that her little limbs had been strengthened by some vague dream of liberty, to be lost or won in that hurried night march.

I have the honor to be, with much respect,
Your obedient servant,
N. P. BANKS, Maj. Gen. Commanding.

It is a pity that the resolution did not ask, also, whether horses and waggons belonging to blacks were seized and used for the transport of government troops. Such, we are assured by an eye-witness, was the fact. At Winchester, where a number of the colored people own houses, lands and teams, a black man was in the act of loading up his family and a few household goods in his own waggon, when a Quartermaster came along and seized it for the use of the United States. It was surrendered meekly and without complaint.

We can answer for one escape by a government waggon which did not happen to fall under the eye of Gen. Banks. It was that of a black teamster to whom was entrusted a waggon load of stores, with four horses. He was in the midst of repeated charges of the rebel cavalry, but instead of following the example of many a white teamster, cutting loose his best horse and galloping off with his hat in the wind like another John Gilpin, he hid in the near bushes or behind a tree, and returned to his trust when the raid was repulsed. In this way he was charged upon and driven off three times. Yet he delivered his four horses and waggon load of stores safely at Hagerstown, and thence made his way to Pennsylvania. His name is George Washington. He had been in the government service for six weeks, He had been in the government service for six weeks, and had not received a cent of wages. We venture to say that there is more of a man under his black skin than under the white epidermis of the member of Congress who moved the resolution of inquiry referred to.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT of the State and the country rises and overflows, but the governmental policy is still weak and vacillating. The people talk a good deal about these things, and think a good deal more than they talk. Bullies who go round knocking down people who venture to intimate that Gen. McClellan is not a combination of Cæsar, Hannibal, Frederick, Wallenstein, Napoleon and Wellington, cannot keep people from having their own minds on the subject. "What has he done for the last six months?" asked a worthy citizen of Newton in town meeting. A pertinent question, one would think. So pertinent, at any rate, that it could not be answered, save by a hurrah, which is a vote of confidence, very valuable, indeed. "We have given you half a million of men," say the people, "and you have wasted them, and have nothing to show as results." Out of 158,000 sent to McClellan before the late battles (these are official figures) he has got perhaps 60,000 left. Where are the hundred thousand? Waste not, want not. Put your soldiers into the hands of competent Generals; let your statesmen pursue a positive and sensible policy, and you will not need the 300,000 additional troops." More men than you think of are talking and thinking thus; and the number is increasing.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE BORDER STATES.

From The National Intelligencer, July 18.

[The Representatives and Senators of the Border slave-holding States having, by special invitation of the President, been convened at the Executive Mansion on Saturday morning last, Mr. Lincoln addressed them as follows from a written paper held in his hands:]

GENTLEMEN: After the adjournment of Congress, now near, I shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the Border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive to make this appeal to you.

I intend no reproach or complaint when I assure you that, in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the gradual emancipation message of last March, the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed is yet one of the most potent and swift means of ending it. Let the States which are in rebellion see definitely and certainly that in no event will the States you represent ever join their proposed Confederacy, and they cannot much longer maintain the contest. But you cannot divest them of their hope to ultimately have you with them so long as you show a determination to perpetuate the institution within your own States. Beat them at elections, as you have overwhelmingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still claim you as their own. You and I know what the lever of their power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more for ever.

Most of you have treated me with kindness and consideration, and I trust you will not now think I improperly touch what is exclusively your own, when, for the sake of the whole country, I ask, "Can you, for your States, do better than to take the course I urge?" Discarding *punctilio* and maxims adapted to more manageable times, and looking only to the unprecedentedly stern facts of our case, can you do better in any possible event? You prefer that the constitutional relations of the States to the nation shall be practically restored without disturbance of the institution; and, if this were done, my whole duty, in this respect, under the Constitution and my oath of office, would be performed. But it is not done, and we are trying to accomplish it by war. The incidents of the war cannot be avoided. If the war continues long, as it must, if the object be not sooner attained, the institution in your States will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion—by the mere incidents of the war. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone already. How much better for you and for your people to take the step which at once shortens the war, and secures substantial compensation for that which is sure to be wholly lost in any other event! How much better to thus save the money which else we sink forever in the war! How much better to do it while we can, lest the war ere long render us pecuniarily unable to do it! How much better for you, as seller, and the nation, as buyer, to sell out and buy out that without which the war could never have been, than to sink both the thing to be sold, and the price of it, in cutting one another's throats.

I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a decision at once to emancipate gradually. Room in South America for colonization can be obtained cheaply and in abundance, and when numbers shall be large enough to be company and encouragement for one another, the freed people will not be so reluctant to go.

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned—one which threatens division among those who, united, are none too strong. An instance of it is known to you. Gen. Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I hope still is, my friend. I valued him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be freed. He proclaimed all men free within certain States, and I repudiated the proclamation. He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offence, to many whose support

recommended by your message of the 6th of March last, the greater portion of us did not, and we will briefly state the prominent reasons which influenced our action.

In the first place, it proposed a radical change of our social system, and was hurried through both Houses with undue haste, without reasonable time for consideration and debate, and with no time at all for consultation with our constituents, whose interests it deeply involved. It seemed like an interference by this government with a question which peculiarly and exclusively belonged to our respective States, on which they had not sought advice or solicited aid. Many of us doubted the constitutional power of this government to make appropriations of money for the object designated, and all of us thought our finances were in no condition to bear the immense outlay which its adoption and faithful execution would impose upon the National Treasury. If we pause but a moment to think of the debt its acceptance would have entailed, we are appalled by its magnitude. The proposition was addressed to all the States, and embraced the whole number of slaves. According to the census of 1860, there were then very nearly four million slaves in the country; from natural increase they exceed that number now. At even the low average of $300, the price fixed by the Emancipation Act for the slaves of this District, and greatly below their real worth, their value runs up to the enormous sum of $1,200,000,000; and if to that we add the cost of deportation and colonization, at $100 each, which is but a fraction more than is actually paid by the Maryland Colonization Society, we have $400,000,000 more! We were not willing to impose a tax on our people sufficient to pay the interest on that sum, in addition to the vast and daily increasing debt already fixed upon them by the exigencies of the war; and, if we had been willing, the country could not bear it. Stated in this form the proposition is nothing less than the deportation from the country of $1,600,000,000 worth of producing labor, and the substitution in its place of an interest-bearing debt of the same amount!

But, if we are told that it was expected that only the States we represent would accept the proposition, we respectfully submit that even then it involves a sum too great for the financial ability of this government at this time. According to the census of 1860—

	Slaves.
Kentucky had	225,490
Maryland	87,188
Virginia	490,337
Delaware	1,798
Missouri	114,965
Tennessee	275,784
Making in the whole	1,196,112
At the same rate of valuation these would amount to	$358,833,500
Add for deportation and colonization $100 each	119,244,533
And we have the enormous sum of	$478,038,133

We did not feel that we should be justified in voting for a measure which, if carried out, would add this vast amount to our public debt at a moment when the Treasury was reeling under the enormous expenditure of the war.

Again, it seemed to us that this resolution was but the annunciation of a sentiment which could not or was not likely to be reduced to an actual tangible proposition. No movement was then made to provide and appropriate the funds required to carry it into effect; and we were not encouraged to believe that funds would be provided. And our belief has been fully justified by subsequent events. Not to mention other circumstances, it is quite sufficient for our purpose to bring to your notice the fact, that, while this resolution was under consideration in the Senate, our colleague, the Senator from Kentucky, moved an amendment appropriating $500,000 to the object therein designated, and it was voted down with great unanimity. What confidence, then, could we reasonably feel that if we committed ourselves to the policy it proposed, our constituents would reap the fruits of the promise held out; and on what ground could we, as fair men, approach them and challenge their support?

The right to hold slaves is a right appertaining to all the States of this Union. They have the right to cherish or abolish the institution, as their tastes or their interests may prompt, and no one is authorized to question the right, or limit its enjoyment. And no one has more clearly affirmed that right than you have. Your inaugural address does you great honor in this respect, and inspired the country with confidence in your fairness and respect for the law. Our States are in the enjoyment of that right. We do not feel called on to defend the institution, or to affirm it is one which ought to be cherished; perhaps, if we were to make the attempt, we might find that we differ even among ourselves. It is enough for our purpose to know that it is a right; and, so knowing, we did not see why we should now be expected to yield it. We had contributed our full share to relieve the country at this terrible crisis; we had done as much as had been required of others, in like circumstances; and we did not see why sacrifices should be expected of us from which others, no more loyal, were exempt. Nor could we see what good the nation would derive from it.

Such a sacrifice submitted to by us would not have strengthened the arm of this government or weakened that of the enemy. It was not necessary as a pledge of our loyalty, for that had been manifested beyond a reasonable doubt, in every form, and at every place possible. There was not the remotest probability that the States we represent would join in the rebellion, nor is there now, or of their electing to go with the Southern section in the event of a recognition of the independence of any part of the disaffected region. Our States are fixed unalterably in their resolution to adhere to and support the Union. They see no safety for themselves and no hope for constitutional liberty but by its preservation. They will under no circumstances consent to its dissolution; and we do them no more than justice when we assure you that, while the war is conducted to prevent that deplorable catastrophe, they will sustain it as long as they can muster a man or command a dollar. Nor will they ever consent, in any event, to unite with the Southern Confederacy. The bitter fruits of the peculiar doctrines of that region will forever prevent them from placing their security and happiness in the custody of an association which has incorporated in its organic law the seeds of its own destruction.

We cannot admit, Mr. President, that, if we had voted for the resolution in the Emancipation Message of March last, the war would now be substantially ended. We are unable to see how our action in this particular has given, or could give, encouragement to the rebellion. The resolution has passed; and, if there be virtue in it, it will be quite as efficacious as if we had voted for it. We have no power to bind our States in this respect by our votes here; and, whether we had voted the one way or the other, they are in the same condition of freedom to accept or reject its provisions. No, sir; the war has not been prolonged or hindered by our action on this or any other measure. We must look for other causes for that lamented fact. We think there is not much difficulty, not much uncertainty, in pointing out others far more probable and potent in their agencies to that end.

The rebellion derives its strength from the union of all classes in the insurgent States; and while that union lasts the war will never end until they are utterly exhausted. We know that at the inception of these troubles Southern society was divided, and that a large portion, perhaps a majority, were opposed to secession. Now the great mass of Southern people are united. To discover why they are so we must glance at Southern society, and notice the classes into which it has been divided, and which still distinguish it. They are in arms, but not for the same objects; they are moved to a common end, but by different and even inconsistent reasons. The leaders, which comprehends what was previously known as the State Rights party, and is much the lesser class, seek to break down national independence and set up State domination. With them it is a war against nationality. The other class is fighting, as it supposes, to maintain and preserve its rights of property and domestic safety, which it has been made to believe are assailed by this government. This latter class are not disunionists *per se*; they are so only because they have been made to believe that this Administration is inimical to their rights, and is making war on their domestic institution. As long as these two classes act together they will never assent to a peace.

The policy, then, to be pursued is obvious. The former class will never be reconciled, but the latter may be. Remove their apprehensions; satisfy them that no harm is intended to them and their institutions, that this government is not making war on their rights of property, but is simply defending its legitimate authority, and they will gladly return to their allegiance as soon as the pressure of military dominion imposed by the Confederate authority is removed from them.

Twelve months ago both Houses of Congress, adopting the spirit of your Message, then but recently sent in, declared with singular unanimity the objects of the war, and the country instantly bounded to your side to assist you in carrying it on. If the spirit of that resolution had been adhered to we are confident that we should before now have seen the end of this deplorable conflict. But what have we seen?

In both Houses of Congress we have heard doctrines subversive of the principles of the Constitution, and seen measure after measure founded in substance on those doctrines proposed and carried through which can have no other effect than to distract and divide loyal men, and exasperate and drive still further from us and their duty the people of the rebellious States. Military officers, following these bad examples, have stepped beyond the just limits of their authority in the same direction, until in several instances you have felt the necessity of interfering to arrest them. And even the passage of the resolution to which you refer has been ostentatiously proclaimed as the triumph of a principle which the people of the Southern States regard as ruinous to them. The effect of these measures was foretold, and may now be seen in the indurated state of Southern feeling.

To these causes, Mr. President, and not to our omission to vote for the resolution recommended by you, we solemnly believe we are to attribute the terrible earnestness of those in arms against the government and the continuance of the war. Nor do we (permit us to say, Mr. President, with all respect to you) agree that the institution of slavery is "the lever of their power," but we are of the opinion that "the lever of their power" is the apprehension that the powers of a common government, created for common and equal protection to the interests of all, will be wielded against the institutions of the Southern States.

There is one other idea in your address we feel called on to notice. After stating the fact of your repudiation of Gen. Hunter's proclamation, you add:

"Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offense, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask, you can relieve me, and, much more, can relieve the country in this important point."

We have anxiously looked into this passage to discover its true import, but we are yet in painful uncertainty. How can we, by conceding what you now ask, relieve you and the country from the increasing pressure to which you refer? We will not allow ourselves to think that the proposition is, that we consent to give up slavery, to the end that the Hunter proclamation may be let loose on the Southern people, for it is too well known that we would not be parties to any such measure, and we have too much respect for you to imagine you would propose it. Can it mean that by sacrificing our interest in slavery we appease the spirit that controls that pressure, cause it to be withdrawn, and rid the country of the pestilent agitation of the slavery question? We are forbidden so to think, for that spirit would not be satisfied with the liberation of 700,000 slaves, and cease its agitation, while 3,000,000 remain in bondage. Can it mean that by abandoning slavery in our States, we are removing the pressure from you and the country, by preparing for a separation on the line of the Cotton States?

We are forbidden so to think, because it is known that we are, and we believe that you are, unalterably opposed to any division at all. We would prefer to think that you desire this concession as a pledge of our support, and thus enable you to withstand a pressure which weighs heavily on you and the country. Mr. President, no such sacrifice is necessary to secure our support. Confine yourself to your constitutional authority; confine your subordinates within the same limits; conduct this war solely for the purpose of restoring the Constitution to its legitimate authority; concede to each State and its loyal citizens their just rights, and we are wedded to you by indissoluble ties. Do this, Mr. President, and you touch the American heart and invigorate it with new hope. You will, as we solemnly believe, in due time restore peace to your country, lift it from despondency to a future of glory; and preserve to your countrymen, their posterity, and man, the inestimable treasure of a constitutional government.

Mr. President, we have stated with frankness and candor the reasons on which we forbore to vote for the resolution you have mentioned; but you have again presented this proposition, and appealed to us, with an earnestness and eloquence which have not failed to impress us, to "consider it, and at the least to commend it to the consideration of our States and people." Thus appealed to by the Chief Magistrate of our beloved country, in the hour of its greatest peril, we cannot wholly decline. We are willing to trust every question relating to their interest and happiness to the consideration and ultimate judgment of our own people. While differing from you as to the necessity of emancipating the slaves of our States as a means of putting down the rebellion, and while protesting against the propriety of any extra territorial interference to induce the people of our States to adopt any particular line of policy on a subject which peculiarly and exclusively belongs to them, yet when you and our brethren of the loyal States sincerely believe that the retention of slavery by us is an obstacle to peace and national harmony, and are willing to contribute pecuniary aid to compensate our States and people for the inconveniences produced by such a change of system, we are not unwilling that our people shall consider the propriety of putting it aside.

But we have already said that we regarded this resolution as the utterance of a sentiment, and we had no confidence that it would assume the shape of a tangible and practical proposition, which would yield the fruits of the sacrifice it required. Our people are influenced by the same want of confidence, and will not consider the proposition it its present impalpable form. The interest they are asked to give up is to them of immense importance, and they ought not to be expected even to entertain the proposal until they are assured that when they accept it their just expectations will not be frustrated. We regard your plan as a proposition from the Nation to the States to exercise an admitted constitutional right in a particular manner and yield up a valuable interest. Before they ought to consider the proposition, it should be presented in such a tangible, practical, efficient shape as to command their confidence that its fruits are contingent only upon their acceptance. We cannot trust anything to the contingencies of future legislation.

If Congress, by proper and necessary legislation, shall provide sufficient funds and place them at your disposal, to be applied by you to the payment of any of our States or the citizens thereof who shall adopt the abolishment of slavery, either gradual or immediate, as they may determine, and the expense of deportation and colonization of the liberated slaves, then will our States and people take this proposition into careful consideration, for such decision as in their judgment is demanded by their interest, their honor and their duty to the whole country.

We have the honor to be, with great respect,

C. A. WICKLIFFE, Chairman,	CHARLES B. CALVERT,
GARRETT DAVIS,	C. L. L. LEARY,
R. WILSON,	EDWIN H. WEBSTER,
J. J. CRITTENDEN,	R. MALLORY,
JOHN S. CARLILE,	AARON HARDING,
J. W. CRISFIELD,	JAMES S. ROLLINS,
J. S. JACKSON,	J. W. MENZIES,
H. GRIDER,	THOMAS L. PRICE,
JOHN S. PHELPS,	G. W. DUNLAP,
FRANCIS THOMAS,	WM. A. HALL.

REPLY OF THE MINORITY.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1862.

MR. PRESIDENT: The undersigned, Members of Congress from the Border States, in response to your address of Saturday last, beg leave to say that they attended a meeting on the same day the address was delivered for the purpose of considering the same. The meeting appointed a committee to report a response to your address. That report was made on yesterday, and the action of the majority indicated clearly that the response reported, or one in substance the same, would be adopted and presented to you.

Inasmuch as we cannot, consistently with our own sense of duty to the country, under the existing perils which surround us, concur in that response, we feel it to be due to you and to ourselves to make to you a brief and candid answer over our own signatures.

We believe that the whole power of the government, upheld and sustained by all the influences and means of all loyal men in all sections, and of all parties, is essentially necessary to put down the rebellion and preserve the Union and the Constitution. We understand your appeal to us to have been made for the purpose of securing this result. A very large portion of the people in the Northern States believe that slavery is the "lever power of the rebellion." It matters not whether this belief be well-founded or not. The belief does exist, and we have to deal with things as they are, and not as we would have them be. In consequence of the existence of this belief we understand that an immense pressure is brought to bear for the purpose of striking down this institution through the exercise of military authority. The government cannot maintain this great struggle if the support and influence of the men who entertain these opinions be withdrawn. Neither can the government hope for early success if the support of that element called "conservative" be withdrawn.

Such being the condition of things, the President appeals to the Border State men to step forward and prove their patriotism by making the first sacrifice. No doubt, like appeals have been made to extreme men in the North, to meet us half way, in order that the whole moral, political, pecuniary and physical force of the nation may be firmly and earnestly united in one grand effort to save the Union and the Constitution.

Believing that such were the motives that prompted your address and such the results to which it looked, we cannot reconcile it to our sense of duty, in this trying hour, to respond in a spirit of fault-finding or querulousness over the things that are past. We are not disposed to seek for the cause of present misfortunes in the errors and wrongs of others who now propose to unite with us in a common purpose. But, on the other hand, we meet your address in the spirit in which it was made, and as loyal Americans, declare to you and to the world that there is no sacrifice that we are not ready to make to save the government and institutions of our fathers.

That we, few of us though there may be, will permit no men from the North or from the South, to go further than we in the accomplishment of the great work before us. That, in order to carry out these views, we will, so far as may be in our power, ask the people of the Border States, calmly, deliberately and fairly to consider your recommendations. We are the more emboldened to assume this position from the fact, now become history, that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to abolish slavery among them as a condition to foreign intervention in favor of their independence as a nation.

If they can give up slavery to destroy the Union, we can surely ask our people to consider the question of emancipation to save the Union:

With great respect, your obedient servants,

JOHN W. NOELL,	WILLIAM. G. BROWN,
SAM. S. CASEY,	JACOB B. BLAIR,
GEORGE P. FISHER,	W. F. WILLEY.
A. J. CLEMENTS,	

[HORACE MAYNARD, Representative from Eastern Tennessee, and whose "constituents are not yet disenthralled from the hostile arms of the rebellion," signed neither of the above letters, but addressed the President in his own name, in the same spirit that characterizes the letter of the minority. He says he is heartily in favor of the President's Emancipation scheme, and failed to vote for it only because he was absent.]

PLAYING AT WAR.—The Nashville *Union*, speaking of the surprise and capture of a Michigan regiment, at Murfreesboro, and of the capture of the place by guerillas, says: "*The reason is that the rebel leaders intended to fight when they began the rebellion, while ours generally hope to conciliate the rebels by being confiding and careless, and catching their runaway negroes.* We say this with no disposition to cast reproach on our unfortunate soldiers. Doubtless they were true and brave men, and would have fought well. The difficulty or misfortune was, that they did not realize their situation or the people they had to deal with. For heaven's sake, let there be no more such mistakes."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

SUBSCRIBERS to whom bills for arrears due this paper have been sent will do an act of justice to themselves and to the cause by promptly remitting what they owe. The American Anti-Slavery Society, from whose treasury must come the means necessary to keep THE STANDARD alive, is in need of every dollar due from subscribers. Direct, "*Publisher Anti-Slavery Standard, 48 Beekman st., New York.*"

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

THE Anniversary of British West India Emancipation will be celebrated in the usual manner at ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON, on FRIDAY, August 1st, in MASS MEETING, under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

No event in history is more deserving of special commemoration than this—transforming, as it did, nearly a million of chattel slaves into free British subjects, by act of Parliament, in obedience to a regenerated public sentiment, through long years of Anti-Slavery agitation—and demonstrating, as it has done, the safety and beneficence of immediate emancipation on the largest scale, even under the the most adverse circumstances—to the confusion and ignominious exposure of all the prophesiers of evil consequences, and to the triumphant vindication of the atrociously calumniated negro race.

The friends of liberty, who desire to witness a still nobler jubilee in our own slavery-cursed land, will, we doubt not, make their arrangements to be present, as far as practicable, in order to make the occasion instrumental to the furtherance of the sacred cause of human rights, without regard to the accidental distinctions arising from complexion or race.

Among the speakers looked for and confidently expected on the occasion are the following:

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, H. C. WRIGHT, WM. WELLS BROWN, JOHN S. ROCK, ANDREW T. FOSS, and others.

The *Old Colony Railroad Company* will convey passengers, on that day, to and from the Abington Grove, at the following rates, being the same as in former years:

Boston, Savin Hill, Dorchester, Neponset, Quincy, and Braintree—to the Grove and back—*for adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.*

Plymouth and all way stations not already mentioned—to the Grove and back, *half the usual rates.*

Excursion tickets good on other trains.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE,
BRIGGS ARNOLD,
SAMUEL DYER,
Committee of Arrangements.

THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

THE Republic is now in its worst peril since the outbreak of the War. To disguise it is not only useless, but criminal. A month ago, public feeling was in good cheer, from expectation of victory. To-day, universal anxiety prevails. The shadow of a great defeat rests upon the face of affairs.

By common consent, Richmond was to have been *taken*. Nobody spoke of a reverse; few thought of it. Costly fireworks were put up in this city to celebrate the victory, on the Fourth of July. Though there had been a brisk sword-play of criticism over McClellan's plan of operations, yet nobody seemed to doubt that, either by a good plan or a bad one, he would capture Richmond. But we had, instead, seven brilliant disasters in the Peninsula, which, like the electric links round a Leyden jar, gave the public mind a staggering shock. Nor has it yet recovered. The sense of defeat, though less exciting to-day, is more oppressive than on the Fourth of July. The magnitude of the disaster is more clearly seen, and the delay which it brings upon the war more severely felt. A new Napier will write the history of a new Peninsular war, whose only result has been to show how Richmond might have been taken, but was not, and perhaps is not to be.

The lexicons will hereafter note a new definition of a blunder: it means strategy.

Consider! The sun never shone upon such an army as this nation gave to Gen. McClellan. Did we not see regiment after regiment crowding to Washington, till the holiday parades were grander than the spectacles of Paris or Prussia? Did not the long lines of tents stretch for miles up and down the Potomac, gleaming like snow in the sun? It was an army so well-equipped that no critic could pick a flaw; its supplies were so lavish, that, for a while, military life took on the novelty of partial luxury; its discipline was so thorough that men said, other armies might lose battles, but this would be invincible. Yet, notwithstanding all our rose-colored hopes, the Grand Army of the Potomac has suffered the greatest defeat of the war.

The question arises, *Why?*

There is a plain answer. Nor does the answer concern itself chiefly with the blunders of a military campaign. It matters little whether the individual blame belongs to the White House on Pamunkey River, or to the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue. What concerns the nation to heed is, the army that set out to Richmond had but half an errand in going, and God stopped it on the way. Commissioned of Divine Providence to carry forward the cause of Freedom, it was disobedient to the heavenly vision, and was smitten on the high road. The grand army was defeated, not because it was not reënforced, not because it changed its base of operations, but because it did not strike for a victory such as God counted worthy. Had it changed its moral instead of its military base of operations, it would not have been abandoned of the God of Battles. Had it entrenched itself in Eternal Justice, it could never have been shaken.

But the blow against Richmond was too carefully aimed: it was meant to destroy the Rebellion and to save Slavery. But with God, the greater rebellion of the twain is Slavery. If that be struck down, the other falls of itself. Whatever seeks to preserve slavery—even though it be a Federal army—God himself will destroy. When the plans of the government and the plans of God are at variance, He crumbles a Grand Army as if it were clay, and breaks a Major-General in pieces like a potter's vessel. He has brought two enemies face to face, not for the chief purpose of giving victory to either, but for working out the freedom of an oppressed race, despised of both. The solemn lesson of our late disasters is—and the President and his Generals should learn it—that no strategy, either political or military, can circumvent Eternal Justice.

The plainest sign of the times, therefore, is, that the War Department, with all its armies, cannot save both the Republic and Slavery. The better portion of the people have seen this for some time past; but the government is still almost blind. If the common sense of the free masses of the North could have shaped the war-policy of the Administration a year ago, we might to-day have been ringing the bells of peace. Has the hour to strike been wanting? So far back as the insult to Sumter, the swelling indignation of all loyal hearts offered a wave on which the government might triumphantly have launched Emancipation. The proclamation of Fremont was another opportunity. The memorable morning after Bull Run was another. The entering wedge of Gen. Hunter was another. The last Fourth of July was another. All these were golden opportunities! Why could not the President see them? Because Kentucky bound a bandage upon his eyes, and kept him blind. Instead of the simple plan of victory through justice, we had only a Major-General's promise—"short, sharp, and desperate"—made to our ear, and broken to our hope. The government has conducted the war on a theory of peace. Our military have resembled our Presidential campaigns. The real contest of the army has not been of arms against the enemy, but of opposing ideas within itself. Does not everybody know that Fremont and McClellan, representing two different ideas, are the real antagonists? And does not everybody know that if Fremont had suffered McClellan's defeat, the present strategy-praisers would have filled the air with their outcries for removal? When two ideas presented themselves to the government, when two different policies of war were offered, the government threw away the right one with Fremont, and kept the wrong one with McClellan. As a consequence, if the government had sought to carry on the war for the sake of weakening the enemy as little as possible, and hurting ourselves as much as possible, how could it have succeeded better than it has?

Is there no remaining method to rejoint the times? Yes. But why speak of it? Who will give heed? We fear not the President, who, of all others, should be most eager to know. The only remaining method is one which Kentucky disapproves, and therefore the President disallows. Kentucky now rules Mr. Lincoln as South Carolina lately ruled Mr. Buchanan.

It has been noticed that a nurse who tends a sick child oftentimes will sleep through all the clang of a city fire-bell, yet if the child murmurs, will wake instantly. So, while half the North is sounding an alarm in the President's ears, he sleeps; nor wakes but at the whimper of Kentucky.

There are two great reasons why the present policy cannot crown the war with a victorious peace: first, because we need the great Third Army—the unenlisted Four Millions; and second, because we need to win God more heartily to our side. God is for the slave first, and McClellan afterwards. We need the slave to come to us quickly, that God's sure blessing may follow. How shall he be induced to come? A Member of Congress lately said to the House: "Fifteen thousand white men killed on the Peninsula! Would it not have been better that black men had been there instead?" This is too uninviting a way to ask for volunteers—even with black skins. The War Department has just issued a bulletin to employ negroes as *military laborers*. Why has not the Secretary, or the President behind him, courage enough to say *soldiers?* Is it possible that the government does not know the one way, and the only way, to enlist the negroes? Must it be told that in talking to the ignorant and lowly it must use plainness of speech? Confiscation is a word hard for a slave to understand. It has an uncertain sound. The way of freedom must be made so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool and a contraband, cannot err therein. Congress having failed to pass a simple edict of Emancipation, it is now the President's duty to write the word with his own hand. This is the only way to enlist the blacks. But this will enlist them in flocks and multitudes—in regiments and armies. It will be the speediest way of answering the President's requisition for 300,000 more men. Of course, it involves the disagreeable supposition that negroes are men. But, conceding this point to the emergency of the hour, let Gen. Butler send the news to the plantations of Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi; let Gen. Buell send it through the region round about his camps in Arkansas and Missouri; let the blockading ships drop it along the coasts; let Gen. Hunter re-write his blotted order of the 25th of May; let Fort Pickens hang out the notice on her weather-stained walls; let all these camps and strongholds be made recruiting stations—offering each recruit the bounty of freedom—and the President's requisition will be speedily filled without a draft; and history will witness an act of poetic justice in watching how grandly the negroes will whip their masters.

The Tuscans have a proverb, that summer is the friend of the poor. But we have learned a lesson as true as a proverb, that summer is the enemy of the army. Does not common sense dictate that the government wants an army of black men in the South in the summer heats? In the name of God, then, let us have Freedom—Victory—Peace!

TREASON UNDER THE MASK OF PIETY.

IN the New York *Observer* of a recent date we find an editorial article, under the heading, "Not yet Humbled," in which it is assumed that the war is "one of God's sore judgments" for our national sins, and that we cannot expect success for our arms until we repent and reform. Very sound doctrine, certainly; but, before we put *The Observer* in the catalogue of prophets, we must look a little further, to discover if we can what are the acts which it regards as national sins, calling for repentance and reformation. These are its words:

"We have been in a condition to observe the progress of moral sentiment since the war begun, and we have watched it with close attention and anxiety. Convinced from the outset that unless God be with us, it is in vain to take up the sword, and believing that *we of the North were not innocent in the causes that led to the war*, and therefore ought to have been humbled long ago, and brought to a true sense of our dependence on Almighty aid, we have ardently desired to see the evidence that the people are in that state of mind which warrants the belief that God will appear for our deliverance, and restore us to union and peace.

"Among the people, we have not seen the dawn of a day of right feeling. We, as a nation, are now as unwilling to confess and forsake our sins, to acknowledge our dependence on God, and humble ourselves before him, as we ever were. Instead of learning righteousness by the judgments that have overtaken us, there is just as much rapacity and fraud, just as little patriotic self-sacrifice, and as much greed and selfishness among public men, as there was a year ago. What waste of time and energy has Congress displayed while the country is bleeding! What bickerings, and cabals, and jealousies, and plots, in the army, and among those who have influence in its appointments! And if we come to the people themselves, we have to lament that intemperance and profaneness abound at this hour, to such a degree, that the land ought to mourn, if it does not.

* * * * *

"The day has passed by which many (we were not of them) had fixed for the practical ending of the war. We have *prayed* that the war might be speedily closed, but *we have had no faith to believe that it will be closed, so long as it is prosecuted with any other object than the defence of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. With any other design in view, the war is a horrid crime against God and the human race.* If our rulers or our people have lost sight of the first principles on which the nation sprang to arms, and are now determining to make the war an instrument of their party purposes, to do with it what could not be done by the people under the Constitution without it, then let our rulers and our people repent of this their sin and their folly, if they desire the help of God Almighty in this war.

"In the solemn pause that now marks the history of this bloody year, it is well to lay these teachings to heart. By all the innocent blood that has been poured out on the battle-field, by the dying groans of our children and brethren slain in defence (as they thought) of the government of their fathers, by the tens of thousands of blighted homes and smitten hearts, orphans, widows and childless parents, who have given their best beloved to die for the Union as it was, *by every vow that makes us one in faith with our friends in every part of this great land*, and by every oath that binds us to God and our country, let us be led and constrained to humble ourselves before Heaven, and, as a people, repent and return. We have sinned. We have gone far astray. And just so surely as there is a jealous God who governs nations, we shall not prosper if we do not repent and do our first works. We must be honest, or we shall perish."

In spite of the artfully-woven drapery of cant in which *The Observer* would hide its true meaning from unreflecting readers, its sympathy with slavery and the rebels is here revealed to all who have eyes to see or sense to understand. What it says of the "rapacity and fraud" of public men, of "profaneness, intemperance," etc., has a basis of truth; but none of these, evidently, is the great sin which, in its pious estimation, has chiefly offended God, and for which the nation ought to humble itself before him. What, then, *is* that sin? Is it the making merchandise of human flesh, the working of men without wages, the abolition of marriage among four million of people, or any or all of the atrocious features of the slave system? No, "the sum of all villanies" awakens no throb of indignation in the mind of *The Observer*, calls for no repentance, exposes the nation to no judgments at the hand of God! See how carefully it excludes from its list of national sins the great crime which makes the country a byeword and hissing throughout the civilized world! No, it is not slavery, according to *The Observer*, that exposes the nation to the retributions of Heaven, but Anti-Slavery! To be sure, it does not say this in so many words, but such evidently is its meaning. "We of the North were not innocent in the causes that led to the war"! Of course not, we tolerated anti-slavery agitation, to the great annoyance of the pious woman-whippers and cradle-plunderers of the South; we resisted the spread of slavery; too many of us revolted at the Fugitive Slave law; and when the South complained and threatened, we refused to compromise, and thereby gave her at least an excuse for rebelling against the government. For all this we must repent, if we would hope to escape the judgments of God! Then we, at least too many of us, are not prosecuting the war "for the defence of the Constitution *as it is* and the Union *as it was*"; in other words, we are not supremely anxious to renew "the covenant with death and the agreement with hell," to restore the South again to the constitutional privileges forfeited by rebellion, to catch and return her runaway slaves, and permit her to rule over us in time to come as in time past. "To prosecute the war with any other design" than to bind the North once more to the pestilent carcass of slavery, and give renewed vitality to those provisions of the Constitution which make us the watch-dogs of the plantation, and above all to use the opportunity which the war affords to strike off the fetters of the slaves, "is a horrid crime against God and the human race." To obey God's command, by "breaking every yoke and letting the oppressed go free," would be to invoke his retributive judgments! In even proposing such a thing "we have sinned" and "gone too far astray," and we must "repent and do our first works," before we can reasonably hope that he will appear for us and restore us to union and peace!

Here we have treason and blasphemy under the cloak of piety—the immorality of the pit inculcated in the name of Christ and his religion. It is just such teaching as this that has debauched the conscience and corrupted the public sentiment of the North, encouraged the South to rebel against the government, and brought upon the land all the calamities of civil war.

THE BORDER-STATE FOLLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

WE have cherished the hope that the startling developments of the last month would break the spell by which the men of the Border States, in alliance with the semi-traitorous Conservatives of the North, have so long kept the President subservient to their will in the management of the war; but we begin to fear that he is wholly unable to emancipate himself, and that by his hesitating, half-way policy the nation will be led to utter ruin. He seems to be morally incapable of speaking one bold, fearless word for liberty, or of taking one strong, straightforward step in advance. If he sets his foot forward even a single inch, he does it so hesitatingly and apologetically as to grieve and shame the true friends of the country, who feel that it is alike disgraced and imperilled by such weakness in its Chief Magistrate. He could not sign the Confiscation bill, even after it had been modified in deference to his scruples, without committing the unparalleled folly of seeking to propitiate the slaveholders of the Border States by sending to Congress the message which, but for that modification, *would have been* hurled thereat as a veto! The act, if not an insult to Congress, was an indecorum, which put every good citizen to the blush.

When twenty of the twenty-eight members of Congress from the Border States, in response to his earnest entreaties for their cooperation, repudiated his gradual emancipation scheme as impracticable, and in effect confessed that their chief, if not their only interest in the Union arose from the hope that it would continue to be the bulwark of slavery, we said, Surely the President will now repudiate such counsellors and obey the voice of the free North by striking quick and hard at the cause of the rebellion. He will at once issue the proclamation contemplated in the Confiscation act, calling upon the slaves of rebels everywhere to come to the help of the nation and be free. But he has done no such thing. The following order is the only response, thus far, to the action of Congress and the voice of the loyal people of the North:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, July 22, 1862.

First, ordered: That military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, in an orderly manner, seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that, while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness or malice.

Second: That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers within and from said States so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third: That as to both property and persons of African descent accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases, and the several Departments of this government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts toward the execution of these orders.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Not a word is there in this order promising freedom to the slaves who may dig our trenches and build our fortifications—not a word even to assure them that they will not, when the war is over, be returned to their masters!

The Border States, it will be observed, are carefully excluded from the operation of this new order. In Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and North Carolina, there is no permission to employ slaves, and they may still be repulsed from our camps.

Will this "equivocating, higgling, hair-splitting, hang-back policy" ever come to an end? We shall see. It must, or the country is lost.

—The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*, under date July 22, takes a view of the President's position which we hope will prove to be correct:

"The President yesterday stated, in the hearing of several gentlemen, that he had done with 'throwing grass,' with mild measures, and henceforth should conduct the war with severity. Rumors have been floating in the street for several days, to the effect that the President was about to issue formal instructions to his Generals, demanding a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and carrying out in good faith the recent legislation of Congress. From what I hear I am inclined to believe this is true, and it is probable that such instructions have already been sent out.

"A very long Cabinet meeting was held yesterday upon the subject, and there was an encouraging degree of unanimity. There is some tenderness towards the Border slave States, even on the question of slavery, but none whatever towards the Gulf and Atlantic slave States. I hazard the opinion that the policy of the government will be to totally overthrow slavery in the cotton and sugar growing States by every method in its power. It will not stick at any obstacles, being convinced that the only hope of making those States obedient is to entirely destroy slavery in them. Total abolition in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas is resolved upon, or I am grossly misinformed. There will be no proclamation upon the subject, but it is none the less the fixed policy of the government. Mr. Lincoln has a prejudice against anti-slavery proclamations, and will quietly inform his Generals of his purposes, and will make no flourish in the matter nor permit them to make any. With slavery abolished in the Gulf and Atlantic States, it will take care of itself elsewhere—will gradually expire."

THE COMPANION TO THE REBELLION RECORD, No. 2, contains a large number of important and valuable papers, among which we notice Addresses delivered before the Virginia State Convention, upon the question of Secession, by the Commissioners from South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi; Letter from Charles D. Drake of Missouri on "Personal Liberty Laws"; Major Sprague's paper on "The Texas Treason"; Minutes of the Southern Rights Association at St. Helena Parish, S. C.; Carl Schurz's Cooper Institute Speech; and John Stuart Mill's "Contest in America." Prefixed to the number are likenesses of Alexander Stephens and Wm. H. Seward. New York: G. P. Putnam—Charles T. Evans, General Agent, 532 Broadway.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR FOR FREE LABORING MEN.—Shall we fight to have all loyal laborers free, or be ourselves the slaves of traitors?

PARKER PILLSBURY ON THE TIMES.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN pursuance to an appointment, our faithful laborer, PARKER PILLSBURY, lectured twice to a full and deeply interested audience at Lyceum Hall, Milford, Mass., Sunday, 13th inst. The impression made was one of solemnity, and I trust profit. I judge of the value of this anti-slavery mission from the excitement created in the minds of those whose hearts are full of hatred to the African race and to every faithful Abolitionist. Mr. P. obtained thirteen *cash* subscribers to THE STANDARD, which I regard as no small work, especially in our town, where not a single copy, I think, has previously been taken. I send you the following Sketch of the evening lecture, reported by Miss Cheever, of West Wrentham. I am sure your readers will esteem it a privilege to read these words of truth and timely rebuke to a guilty people, in this hour of our strife and peril. Yours truly, GEO. W. STACY.

SKETCH.

"None calleth for justice."

Was it ever so true before, as now, that "none calleth for justice"? And yet, what is the underpinning of God's throne but justice—what the great law of the universe, in all time, and throughout all the ages of eternity, but justice? The greatest danger of this country is, that there is no consciousness on the part of the North of its own complicity in the great crime of which our war is the righteous retribution. It seems to me that this idea cannot be too strongly enforced. Where shall I look for justice any more in the North than in the South?

You will tell me that slavery is the cause of the war. And what is slavery? Is it a good or a bad thing? If its fruit be war, and such a war, then surely it is not a good thing. If its fruit be such society as we find at the South, then surely it is not a good thing. Judging the tree by its fruit, what is it but the most fearful moral Upas that ever grew on all the broad acres of God's creation? Slavery! Who of us can tell what it is, or what it does? This is certain:

never have heard of Manassas Junction battle and defeat.

We have taught the South in our theological seminaries, our colleges, and have supplied their schools with our schoolmasters. At our communion-tables she has always been made welcome. And think you to atone to justice, to God, and to the enslaved by shooting down your accomplices in crime? We have always been the strongest—commercially, educationally and religiously omnipotent over her—and now when God's judgments have burst in thunder-storms of divine fury, we think to rear our lightning-rods of patriotic self-righteousness and escape the bolts and blasts. The difference between the Abolitionists and the rest of the world in past years has been, that they have recognized the great facts of God's providence and government, and have conformed themselves somewhat thereto, and have endeavored to make the people do so. But the people would not, and the Abolitionists are the men whom people most want to hang. I have no doubt there were those who charged the terrible captivity in Babylon to Isaiah and Jeremiah.

The Abolitionists have tried to recognize the law of God. I do not say that any one has kept the whole law of God, but in these great facts and principles they have led their generation.

God gave this country the sublimest utterance that ever emanated from lips divine—"All men are created equal." Yet it seems as if, by the mysterious will of Providence, those to whom most is given shall fail most in accomplishing. Some one has said, it took the highest archangel in heaven to make the Father of Lies. And thou, America, to whom was committed the sublimest sentiment that ever descended from the Great White Throne; thou, America, hast so far forgotten thy own high vocation that Assyria and Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon are calling from their depths of darkness, shrieking in our ears, "O, America, son of the morning! how art thou fallen and become like unto us!"

No wonder the heavens are gathering in blackness over our heads. We have lost the recognition of our divine manhood.

A man is now worth $13 a month to stand up as a target for Jeff. Davis's artillery, in the cause of slavery. We are astray. We have lost all consciousness of our heavenly birth.

The Prince of Wales came here, and the whole nation went out to do him homage. A young man, and no very great of a young man, either. When I saw him riding with his mother, some years ago, he was scarcely a decent boy to look at, and it was said that the title-page of his face did not greatly misrepresent the page within. But we went to do him homage because he was heir to an earthly crown. Yet there shall come a time when every human soul shall wear a diadem, compared with which all earthly crowns are as merest dross.

Now, we mistake our real manhood, and worship the accidents of birth. We have lost all knowledge and consciousness of our high estate, and are making slaves and soldiers of our greatest and best in behalf of slavery—one of the greatest curses and scourges, as well as the greatest of crimes that mortal man ever committed. There is no end to these illustrations—no end to my subject; but there is an end to human patience and endurance, both for speaker and audience. And, now, what is for us to do? The first thing is, to scamper back to the consciousness that you are too good to be put to such purposes; hasten back and learn that it is not Victoria who is your mother, but the Eternal God who is your Father. And when you have learned that first lesson in the catechism of God, the way will fast open before you.

Your government wants to know what you, the people, would have it do. Let your answer be, Do justice, love mercy, free every slave. Till that is done, no more men from our firesides should be laid on that altar of Moloch. Speak in tones that the nation shall hear. Die rather by the side of your mothers. Die in the arms of your sisters, wives, sweethearts—die martyrs, and get the burial of men, rather than go down there to die and be buried like dogs, in behalf of slavery. Ring these truths in the nation's ear. Make them heard!

If you do nothing else, you thus save at least your own souls; and whoever does that, by truth and justice, does a greater work than God did that morning when he made the sun and stars, for you have saved a treasure that shall last and shine, when, in the great midnights of eternity, all suns shall be blown out like lamps. But what havoc has slavery made of us. We have "led into captivity and gone into captivity," and by our rivers of Babylon well may we sit down and weep, remembering the Zion of our high estate.

PERSONAL.

William Lloyd Garrison has received and accepted an invitation to deliver an oration before one of the literary societies of Williams College at the approaching commencement.

Madame Geffrard, wife of the President of Hayti, was at Kingston, Jamaica, on June 9, *en route* for London, to visit the Great Exhibition. Undoubtedly she will be regarded as one of the greatest curiosities there.

George W. Curtis delivered the oration before the literary societies of Harvard University at the late Commencement. His subject was "Liberty," and he described the American ideal of perfect freedom, showing where in our history we had been false to it. The poem was delivered by Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the hymn, "My country! 'tis of thee."

Charles Sumner arrived in this city on Wednesday, *en route* for Boston. He is in good health, though somewhat fatigued by his arduous labors in the Senate. Of all the representatives of freedom in Congress, there is not one whose moral vision is clearer, or whose devotion to the cause is more unselfish than Mr. Sumner's. God bless him!

"An English Traveller," writing from Boston to the London *Spectator*, says:

"The real pillar of the Abolitionist party is Wendell Phillips. Gifted with great talents, with untiring energy, and, above all, with an eloquence which in my experience I have never heard equalled, he might have risen to any height in public life; and the career open to an ordinary American of talent is higher than we at home can well realize. But, for conscience sake, Mr. Phillips refused to enter on a career which necessitated, to say the least, an outward acquiescence in the sin of slavery. He has labored for years past, amidst ridicule and abuse and obloquy, to awaken the nation to a sense of their duty. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the amount of moral courage required by an American who preaches the doctrine that the cherished Constitution of Washington and Hamilton was in itself a compact with sin—an evil to be abolished. Right or wrong, you cannot deny Wendell Phillips's courage. Pro-slavery or anti-slavery, you cannot dispute the power of his eloquence. And his labor has not been in vain."

A letter from Washington to *The Tribune* pays the following tribute to a philanthropist who needs no introduction to our readers.

"I will venture to say a word of one who bears a sainted name wherever liberty, religious or civil, is honored—an earnest, eloquent man, who could not rest in Europe when he heard the bugle note with which America called her children home. How he has been devoted to the welfare of the wounded soldier, of the scarred black man, is written on the secret tablets of many hearts; there let them rest, by the right hand done, by the left unknown. How much such persons are needed here, let this incident illustrate: Last May, two negroes escaped from the heart of Secessia, the masters being in the rebel army. They very naturally and justly took a horse apiece to effect their escape. Arriving here, they went to a camp to try and sell their horses. The officer who had charge told them to return at a certain hour with their horses. At that hour they came: the horses were taken away from them by police and appropriated, and the two negroes arrested as horse-thieves and thrown into prison. *They have there remained ever since.* The prying eye of W. H. Channing ferreted out the story, and he took it to Gen Wadsworth, that invaluable man to the friends of justice, who instantly had them released. They were released yesterday."

THE CONTRABANDS VICTORIOUS.—The Newbern, N. C., correspondent of *The Times* gives the following account of a regetta that came off lately in front of the naval station at that place:

"One of the two boats entered was manned by six contraband seamen, beautifully attired in man-of-war costume, and the other was manned by eight white seamen, who were considered the crack crew of these waters. Distance was offered the contraband crew, who had only been seamen some three months, but their Captain refused to accept of any advantage whatever, and insisted on giving the white seamen the advantage of two men. Everything being in readiness the word was given, and off went the boats, throwing the crowd, white and black, into the most intense excitement. Judge of the astonishment of all when the boat containing the contrabands was seen to turn the mile post first, and great was the excitement and deafening were the cheers as they came in some three rods in advance of the white crew, who were dripping with perspiration and thoroughly mortified at the unexpected result. They were inclined to think the contest an unfair one, until the Captain of the contrabands offered to renew the race by having the crews exchange boats, which proposition was not accepted by the white seamen for fear of a like result. The Captain said his contrabands could not only pull a small boat faster and with more steadiness than the same number of white seamen, but that they with others he had on board, could man his big guns with more agility and skill in time of action than any white seamen he had ever seen. Also, that they were more attentive to duty and performed more work, and were more civil and orderly than the white seamen."

That the blacks would make as good soldiers as they do sailors, and man big guns or small ones on land as well as on ship-board, who can doubt? And yet tens of thousands of men at the North, who make the loudest professions of loyalty, prefer that the rebels should have the exclusive advantage to be derived from the strength and skill of the negroes! Their prejudice against a black skin and their chronic sympathy for the slaveholders are more than a match for their patriotism, to say nothing of their common sense or their humanity.

"AFRICANS IN AMERICA AND THEIR NEW GUARDIANS."

WE hasten to give place to the following note from the author of the article in *The Christian Examiner*, to portions of which we took exception, last week. The remarks we made were dictated by no personal feeling, for at the time we wrote we did not know who was the author of the article. We wrote under impressions derived from a pretty careful reading of it, and certainly intended to deal fairly with the writer's positions and arguments. If we failed in this, it was more our misfortune than our fault.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WILL you indulge me with a few lines in regard to your notice of an article in *The Christian Examiner* on "Africans in America and their New Guardians"? It is not generally worth while to notice a hasty newspaper report; but I am sorry there should be misunderstanding between THE STANDARD, which I presume, and *The Examiner*, which I know to desire to speak in behalf of humanity and truth.

Your critic is troubled that I speak of certain "difficulties" attending the settlement of the slavery question. If I spoke of them to excuse scepticism or inaction, his criticism would be fair. But he will bear witness that I mention them because they actually exist—at least in the apprehension of many persons—and for the sake of doing them away to the best of my ability. (1)

He thinks I sneer at the Abolitionists and call them ostriches. No such thing. As to those who have given much labor and thought to the cause of the slave, I respect them, and expect to learn of them, not teach them. I may think they dwell too much on the mere fact of emancipation. But I was not thinking of them, but of persons who have caught the cry in the present stress of things, and repeat it, without reflection, and without any disposition to do anything but get rid of the trouble and annoyance of the question. I am sorry I should seem to confound the two. (2)

He censures me for thinking that the President has done right in not "forcing the problem upon us all at once in the proportions it may have one of these days," and thinks I must approve of all the outrages upon the blacks of the army officers. The expression I used was urged on my mind by the details of the Port Royal correspondence, showing certain "difficulties" in bridging the gulf between slavery and free labor, which have only been met by a singular combination of patience, humanity and good sense among the teachers there. (3) If his eye had happened to fall on the pages in which I speak of the steps of public policy in the direction of emancipation, and of the embarrassments arising from the conduct and temper of some of the officers, he would have escaped this curious misrepresentation.

He is shocked that I say "the question of order and security" should be settled in our minds previous to "the question of political justice and right." Let him look back at the connection. The latter phrase refers simply to the details of the political condition of the emancipated slave. The "order and security" spoken of means *the safety of emancipation itself*. I say first, that a moral question had best be discussed free from terror or menace. Then I argue that emancipation is safe to the whites; that the blacks are abundantly able to "take care of themselves"; and finally that they will be willing and trusty laborers in a state of freedom—illustrating this at length by the experience at Port Royal. I cannot possibly see how this line of argument should seem to your critic "atheistical." (4)

Granting immediate emancipation to be the platform on which every true man should stand, it appears to me that you might advantageously give a more courteous greeting to those who are groping their way to it in the midst of ignorance and error. (5)

I am respectfully, THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

REMARKS.

1. We certainly did think, and we think still, that the "difficulties" in the way of emancipation were unduly magnified, and presented in a way likely to give them the effect of apologies for slavery. The writer did not seem to us to be under the influence of any very deep conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, or of the duty and safety of emancipation.

2. We give full credit to this disclaimer, but we venture to say that nine of every ten of the readers of *The Examiner* understood the passage referred to just as we did. The blindness which the writer ascribes to "some persons" is habitually charged upon Abolitionists by so-called Conservatives, and held up to ridicule in terms exactly similar to those he employs.

3. It seems strange to us that any one who has watched the progress and noted the results of the great experiment of freedom at Port Royal should be struck most of all by the "difficulties" that stood in the way. We do not see how, on the contrary, any one can look the facts in the face without exclaiming, "See! how quickly all the 'difficulties' which have been so long pleaded as an excuse for keeping the slaves in bondage vanish before the resolute will and the beneficent spirit of freedom. Let the nation take shame to itself for its doubts and fears, for the feebleness of its faith in God and of its trust in the truth; and let the people with one voice demand of the government the freedom of every slave in the land. Talk no more of difficulties and dangers—they are all on the side of slavery, not of emancipation." The writer in *The Examiner* appears to think it almost strange that the experiment did not turn out a failure, so "enormous" were the "difficulties" in the way of success; and, instead of taking heart from the result, dismissing his idle fears, and lifting up his voice for universal emancipation, to stand trembling at the thought of a great danger miraculously averted, and which it would be the height of imprudence to encounter again; and he hastens to acknowledge his great debt of gratitude to the President and Cabinet for not thrusting on us all at once the great problem of emancipation!

4. Granting the writer the full benefit of this explanation, as we very cheerfully do, we must think the language he used quite unfortunate.

5. We should be sorry to be found wanting in courtesy to any one, or lacking in appreciation of any well-meant effort to serve the cause of freedom. The article in *The Examiner* contained much that we heartily approved, and if we dwelt chiefly upon what we regarded as its faults, we did so from no feeling of unkindness to the writer, but because it seemed to us a duty, from which we ought not to shrink. *The Examiner* is a periodical of large influence, and we were pained to find it, in such a crisis as the present, "groping in the mist," and taking for its guide the feeble, flickering taper of expediency, instead of the Sun of Righteousness and Truth.

CHANGE OF TUNE.—The pro-slavery papers have steadily affirmed that the slaves, instead of being degraded by their enslavement, were not only a happy and contented race, but rapidly advancing in civilization under the beneficent influences of the "patriarchal institution." Their religious character and privileges, especially, have been set forth in glowing colors, as if to persuade us that slavery, after all, was the most desirable condition for a laboring population. Now that it is proposed to let these civilized, pious and happy slaves have an opportunity to fight for the restoration of the Union, the tune of these journals is suddenly changed, and the slaves are transformed into savages, whom it would be disgraceful and dangerous in the highest degree to arm against the rebels. The simple truth is, that the opposition to permitting the slaves to help put down the rebellion springs, primarily, from the wish that the rebels may be successful, so far, at least, as to extort from the North a new compromise for the preservation of slavery. Those who make all the clamor see clearly enough that if the slaves are invited to lend their aid to the Union side, the rebellion will be put down, and slavery, the mainspring of sham Democracy, effectually destroyed.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1862.

THE Administration begins to feel the popular breeze, and shifts its sails to meet it. There are signs of a total change of policy. The new orders of Gen. Pope for the guidance of the "Army of Virginia" are very refreshing. Gen. McDowell will not again march a regiment a dozen miles to return rebel rails, nor will any troops in Pope's army be made to guard the property of notorious rebels. Now, then, it is Pope against McClellan—let us see who will do the best! But you will not fail to observe that although Gen. Pope is entirely emancipated from a class of ideas prevalent among the regular officers in reference to rebels and rebel property, he has not yet got bold enough to say anything to the slaves. Perhaps he waits for the President to do something. Perhaps the President does not mean to do anything, but will let the law upon the subject lie silent on the statute-book without any attempt to execute it. What *can be* the policy of the President? Is he afraid to do his solemn duty? He has done many noble things, and now let him meet the Congress on this great question of the time—that of slavery. Congress authorizes the use of slaves in the army—of black men, whether bond or free. It provides for the freedom of those slaves who shall assist the army, or who shall come within our lines. Now, if the President will simply issue a proclamation to the black men of the South, inviting them to come to our aid—inviting them to desert their rebel masters—then the new policy can have a fair trial. But if men like Halleck are to be permitted to carry out their despotic anti-negro orders, then the law will not be worth much.

We shall now have an opportunity to see if the pro-slavery men, who have heretofore been so very anxious that the Fugitive Slave law should be enforced *because it was a law*, will be equally anxious that the law *freeing slaves* shall also be enforced, rigidly and without a single failure.

The President is an honest man. Whatever his failures may have been, whatever his faults may be, *he means to do right*. Now, he would be a very wicked and dishonest man if he were to attempt to violate the laws he has himself signed, or if he were to purposely neglect to execute them. There need be no doubt, then, that the President will energetically execute the laws which affect slavery, just passed by Congress. But it must not be forgotten that several of the most important sections of the bills passed which affect slavery leave it optional with the President to act or not, as he shall see fit. He *may* use slaves as laborers, or as soldiers, as he shall judge for the interest of the service. Wherever it is left to him to decide, no one can of course complain that he accepts the responsibilities imposed upon him, and makes his choice of action. I believe he will soon "take the bull the horns." He is aware of the general dissatisfaction throughout the North at the conduct of the war, and will soon come fully up to the temper of Congress upon the subject. I feel sure of this. There are many things in the conduct of the President which cannot be admired or approved, but he will yet rise to the greatness of the crisis. We shall very soon have to do something to stay the arm of foreign intervention, as well as strike at the heart of the rebellion itself. *Intervention is coming.* There can be no doubt of this. What would do so much to tie the hands of the foreign interventionists as the simple proclamation to the world that he offered freedom to the slave, unconditionally? Then, if Europe interfered, it would be to preserve slavery as well as aid the Slave Confederacy. With such an issue, we could triumph against a world in arms. What if the Jeff Davis government, in response to our action, were also to offer freedom to the slaves upon the condition of its triumph? Then slavery would in any event be overthrown, and the only obstacle in the way of union would be destroyed forever. Even if there was temporary separation, it would not and could not remain permanently with slavery abolished.

Congress is no longer here, and some good influences over Mr. Lincoln will be wanting; but still I believe he will hesitate no longer to strike at slavery. He will use the black man at labor in the camps and in the trenches, and will set free those slaves who aid us. This will work wonders in all the slave country occupied by our troops.

Gen. Halleck has arrived here. Everybody wants to know why. Walking down the Avenue Saturday, I met a military friend, when the subjoined conversation ensued:

Officer.—"Well, Gen. Halleck is to be here to-morrow."

Correspondent.—"Yes, I heard some days since he was to come. A little change will do us good. I like the idea of his coming on, although the man is shamefully pro-slavery."

O.—"I am glad he has come—he will now receive his deserts, I trust."

C.—"What do you mean? his deserts! Does he not come here to take a high position?"

O.—"I know nothing about it—not a word—but I supposed he came on here because of misconduct in the West. I have hopes that he will be reprimanded. You will admit that he ought to be. Beauregard completely outgeneralled him, and it was all because of that infamous 'Order No. 3.'"

C.—"I admit that Halleck has acted strangely, but I supposed he came on here to advise with Mr. Lincoln, and probably to fill the place of Commander-in-Chief of the armies."

You can judge from this conversation the uncertainty of almost everything here in the military line. Gen. Halleck comes to Washington. One man thinks he comes here to be reprimanded—another that he comes to be made the General commanding all the troops of the government.

I am sorry to say that slave-catching is still carried on here. *The Republican* of yesterday says:

"Yesterday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock, two men drove to the boarding house of James Mankin, No. 389 Ninth street, near I, and enquired for a colored man named Jim, who, at the time, was at the market. The landlady invited the men into the parlor, and when Jim returned, they seized him. He cried "murder" lustily, whereupon they gagged him; dragged him out of the house, and thrust him into the carriage when he threw himself out on the other side. They then picked him up and ordered him to step in. This he refused to do, whereupon they pushed him in and drove down Ninth street towards the river. Mr. Mankin was not at home at the time of the outrage, but the family made no resistance.

"The carriage was a dark colored barouche, but was closed at the time—white horses, driven by a white man, with drab or gray clothing, side whiskers.

"The colored man says he was born free in this District, and was raised by a colored woman named Smith. He was always known as a good, orderly and trusty servant. His color is pure black."

And here is another;

"A contraband girl was taken from the residence of Mr. Fowler, No. 476 Seventh street, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, a few days since, in a manner similar to the above case. She left the house for a moment to get a pail of water, being without a bonnet on her head.

"We are told that these outrages are occurring daily. How long shall our city be disgraced by such scenes? Unless the authorities take vigorous measures to put a stop to such proceedings, we fear that there will be some serious disturbance in our streets, for there are those here who cannot patiently stand by and see the Capital of the nation polluted by these vile thieves of human flesh and blood. Let the rascals be ferreted out and punished for their crime as its enormity deserves. Surely it is time for this business to be stopped in this city, and let not the sacred cause of freedom, humanity and justice be longer outraged."

These things do not look very well in the Capital of a free nation, that is engaged in a life and death struggle with slaveholders. Where is Marshal Lamon? *He* ought to be mixed up in these affairs, but I believe is not. We have got to put an end to all these atrocities if we would triumph. In one respect Congress was cowardly. It did not dare touch the Fugitive Slave law. It is still in full force upon the statute-book, as full of wickedness as ever. A Republican Congress had the fullest opportunity to modify or abolish this infernal law, *and did not.* I know that perfection is not to be expected from any class *of politicians*, but it is singular that so hideous an enactment should not have been modified by so respectable a Congress.

Senator Chandler's speech on the conduct of the war has produced a great sensation here. It is not that Mr. Chandler is himself so popular, but the facts, or rather sworn statements of prominent generals and officers, which he made known, show such stupidity or downright treason in the management of the war, that men lift their heads with astonishment. Take one little fact, for instance. Gen. McClellan admits that he has lost 80,000 men since last April. What a monstrous fact—what a suicidal admission! But worse than that, half of them have got away from the army, and are at home and well this day! What sort of discipline must there have been in the army to have permitted such things? It reminds me that I saw a newspaper friend a week ago packing up a valise as if for a journey. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Back to the army of the Potomac," was the reply. "But the War Department gives notice that none but soldiers will be permitted to join McClellan's army. My friend, you may as well wait till you can obtain a pass." He still proceeded steadily with his preparations, remarking with quiet sarcasm, "You need have no fears about my finding my way back into the army. Unless McClellan now guards his rear better than he used to his front, when he was within half a dozen miles of Richmond, I can get into his lines unobserved."

The government is greatly encouraged by the prospect of raising more troops, indeed all it wants, in the North and West. Gen. Pope's orders look like business, and with a little determination before winter sets in, the rebellion will be put down. Mr. Lincoln can do it if he will by that time. Or he can wait to please Border State men, and add another thousand millions to the debt, and at last fail. AVON.

PRO-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WE have received from a venerable Abolitionist in the old Bay State an account of the pro-slavery celebration of the Fourth of July by the City Government of Boston, wherein the Rev. Southside Adams figured as chaplain, and George T. Curtis as orator. Unable hitherto to find room for our correspondent's sketch and commentary, we omit the same now as somewhat out of season—excepting only his closing paragraph, as follows:

"The Conservative, *alias* pro-slavery element, is not yet dead in Massachusetts. An attempt will undoubtedly be made at the next election to choose Senators and Representatives opposed to the reelection of Hon. CHARLES SUMNER as Senator to Congress. They may succeed by the union of Conservative Republicans (as there are too many of them even here in Massachusetts), Bell Everett men, old line Democrats, and all other opposers of whatever remains of Abolition in the Republican party.

"It is a matter of astonishment, and most lamentable, that there are so many here in the North that do not yet see any evil in slavery, notwithstanding this war, which is the bitter fruit of slavery, and of nothing else. One would have thought that the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the loss of thousands and tens of thousands of lives in this war, caused by that infernal Southern institution, would have opened the eyes of every sane man in the nation, and caused them to swear *eternal vengeance* against slavery, and hasten to wipe it out of existence from the whole American Continent. It would have been done a long time ago, if the people of the free States had been as zealous and energetic in favor of liberty as the slaveholders of the slave States are in favor of slavery.

"Yours, etc., I. S."

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—We scarcely need call the attention of our readers to the speech of Mr. McKim, on the fourth page, wherein he gives a very lucid and interesting account of his observations and inquiries among the "contrabands" of South Carolina. His statements afford ample confirmation of previous reports, and are themselves happily confirmed by official testimony, as follows:

"BEAUFORT, S. C., July 10.

"*To the Hon.* E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

"SIR: I have the honor to report that everything pertaining to the special service for which I am sent to this Department is in a favorable condition. The negroes are working industriously. We have some 15,000 acres of corn and cotton under cultivation. It looks well. The system of voluntary labor works admirably. The people are contented and happy. When the new crop is harvested they will cease to be a burden upon the government.

"By adopting a judicious system of reward for labor, almost any amount can be obtained. Its proceeds will pay the expense.

"I am, with great respect, yours truly,

"R. SAXTON, Brigadier-General of Volunteers."

A writer in *The Tribune* says:

"Gen. Saxton has issued an order giving the rates by which the negroes are paid; it is about $1 per acre for sowing, or plowing, or reaping. Secretary Stanton's orders have been very liberal toward these negroes, who, by the laws of war, being the only persons found on land which has come into possession of the United States by conquest, are necessarily regarded as the loyal inhabitants of that country. His plan seems to be to let the negroes come into gradual possession of the land by earning it, and then arm them to defend their property."

Chronicles of the War.

GEN. HALLECK has been assigned to the command of the whole land forces of the United States, as General-in-Chief.—In Gen. McClellan's department "all is quiet." Gen. Pope's army is advancing into Eastern Virginia, not now to protect rebel property, but with an evident purpose to do vigorous work. He has issued an order in regard to disloyal persons within the Union lines; all male citizens who are disloyal are to be forthwith arrested; those who take the oath and give security for its observance may remain at their homes—those who refuse are to be sent South, and if caught again within our lines will be treated as spies. Parole-breakers are to be shot, and their property confiscated. —The guerillas at the West are very troublesome.—The enlistments under the new call for troops go on slowly. A proclamation from the President, announcing a vigorous anti-slavery policy, would inspire the flagging patriotism of the North and bring men by tens of thousands into the army.—An arrangement has been made for a general exchange of prisoners.

What the President Said.

"Agate," the Western correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has found his way to Washington, whence he writes under date of July 13th:

"On the single matter of the President's belief as to the amount of our losses, we already have three or four contradictory versions; while I happen to know that every one of them conflicts with the statements the President himself made to a certain party of four, only last Friday evening.

"Said the President, with marked emphasis, 'I can't tell where the men have gone in that army. I have sent there, at one time and another, one hundred and —' (perhaps prudence requires that I should leave the next two places for figures blank), 'one hundred and —— thousand men, and I can only find just half that many now. Where can they have gone? Burnside accounts to me for every man he has taken—so many killed in battle, so many wounded, so many sick in the hospitals, so many absent on furlough. So does Mitchell. So does Buell, and so do others; but I can't tell what has become of half the army I've sent down to the Peninsula.'"

Our Losses.

The following, from an official source, is believed to be a full and correct statement of the losses of the Union armies during the recent six days' fighting near Richmond. The "missing" are mainly prisoners, some of them wounded, though a few may have made their way to our camps since the returns were made out:

Corps.	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Franklin	245	1,313	1,179	2,737
Sumner	170	1,068	848	2,086
Keyes	69	507	201	777
Heintzelman	189	1,051	833	2,073
Porter	873	3,700	2,779	7,352
Cavalry	19	60	97	176
Engineers	—	2	21	23
Totals	1,565	7,701	5,958	15,224

Protecting Rebel Property.

[The subjoined letter has been placed in our hands by a gentleman of exalted position in the business community, who vouches for the entire reliability of the writer. The reader is left to judge of its credibility. —*Ed. Times.*]

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., Sunday Afternoon, July 6th, 1862.

. . . . An officer of the Brooklyn Fourteenth had occasion to step into and use a privy in the yard of a citizen, who met him as he came out, and accosted and insulted him outrageously, yet dare not retort because he had infringed upon a general order in his strait, which provides that none shall enter a private residence or grounds without special instructions. *On the strength of this encroachment, a guard was demanded and obtained to patrol in front of this cesspool, whose owner is an open, avowed, bitter secessionist, and hates the very sight of the damned Yankees.* A hospital has recently been opened at the north end of the city, in which there are over two hundred patients. This hospital is a spacious stone building, formerly a clothing works or mill, but wholly unprotected by shade, and fronting on the dry and dusty street. Near by lives a Mrs. Owens, whose sons to the number of three are in the rebel service, and no doubt her heart is with them. The trim shrubbery, the inviting shade of the thick, clustering trees, the refreshing verdure of the sloping lawn in front, no doubt looked pleasant and attractive to the few convalescents who were able to drag their feeble, trembling limbs across the road, through the gate, up the gravelled walk, where they sought to fill their canteens with the cool, clear water from the deep well within the yard. They were met by the virago owning the place, and repelled with epithets worthy the *habitués* of Catherine street Market. They were neither permitted to fill their canteens nor rest themselves in the shade, but ordered to leave and keep clear of the premises. After this she was furnished by Captain Mansfield with a guard, who was instructed to shoot these bold and daring hospital patients, plethoric with disease, riotous and jubilant with calomel and Epsom salts, if they dared to enter upon these premises again without permission—qualified, perhaps, by saying if they could not be kept out any other way. That these things ought to be known, cannot be denied; and yet it would be worth my commission to make it public and assume its responsibility myself; and yet these things are discouraging to those who have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to fight the battles of their country and find themselves oppressed, while rebels are protected and succored by us, their property guarded by our soldiers, while their owners are in arms fighting against us. It puts me out of patience to think of it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with a paper entitled "The New Gymnastics," in which Dr. Dio Lewis makes a very successful attempt to explain, illustrate and commend his new system of physical training. He takes, it seems to us, a very comprehensive and common-sense view of his subject, and we wish his system could be fairly tried in every city and town. We are especially gratified in observing that he proposes to bring the two sexes together for gymnastic culture. The next article is the beginning of a story entitled "Mr. Axtell." The "Country Parson" doles out ten pages of common-place under the title "Concerning Disagreeable People." Mr. Richard Frothingham gives us another chapter of Colonial history under the title of "The Sam Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston." "Life in the Open Air" is the title of a paper by the late Major Winthrop. Rev. John Weiss continues his history of "The Horrors of San Domingo." M. D. Conway contributes an article entitled "My Lost Art," and Emerson a deeply interesting sketch of the life and character of the late Henry D. Thoreau. The poems of the number are "My Daphne," "To William Lowell Putnam," "A Summer Day," and "In War-Time:—Amy Wentworth"—the last by Whittier, for which see our fourth page. Among the "Literary Notices" we are sorry to find undeserved praise of *Vanity Fair*—a paper which habitually mocks at the principles of freedom of which *The Atlantic* has been considered a champion. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

REWARD OF MERIT.—We hope our generosity in sharing with our readers the enjoyment derived from the following letter may atone for the egotism of printing so flattering an encomium:

Benezette,, June,, 28,, 1862

Mr Editor of Anti,, S,, Standard

Sir you will oblige me verry mutch by Stoping your nigger paper I have read it to my Satisfaction your Slander and Corruptness about Union men is enough to disgust any honest Citizen from begining to end top to bottom is "nigger" Slavery Emancipation &c lovly "nig" Cherish him if you will but please Stop your herrisey to me for I have enough of it at present I take this responcibility for whom you Send this worthless Sheet Julius,, Jones Benezette Elk Co Pa AGENT

I remain a democrat

It may seem ungracious to criticise a letter so highly complimentary to ourselves as this, but we venture to suggest that the last line is wholly superfluous.

Summary.

SUPPRESSED.—*The True Presbyterian* and *Baptist Recorder* were suppressed yesterday, and Mr. Duncan, editor of *The Recorder*, sent to the military prison.—*Louisville Democrat*, 15*th*.

WHAT THE REBELS THINK OF FREMONT.—A rebel near Warrenton, the other day, while applauding the enterprise and ability of Stonewall Jackson, remarked significantly, "*He is our Fremont.*"

A GRANDSON OF NOAH WEBSTER KILLED IN THE REBEL SERVICE.—W. Eugene Webster, son of William G. Webster, of New Haven, and grandson of the lexicographer, was killed on the 27th of June, in the fight before Richmond. He was in favor of the Union when the war broke out, but subsequently became a traitor.

A PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH.—No religious denomination in the Northern States has been more infected by pro-slavery views than the Protestant Episcopal Church. A sad proof of this has been recently given by the election of Dr. Seabury to the professorship of Biblical Literature in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York. One of his qualifications for this responsible post, as an organ of the same Church remarks, is the fullest vindication of the rightfulness of African slavery, which has been published by any Northern clergyman. He received 36 out of 56 votes.

A NEW WAR SONG.—The well-known idyl of James Russell Lowell, entitled "Jonathan to John," which first appeared in the "Biglow Papers" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, has been set to music, and is offered as a popular song to soothe the nerves of the public in their excited state against Great Britain. The melody is intensely Yankee, and suits well the quaintness of the lines. It has also the advantage of being very simple, and is well adapted to become a soldier's song.

COL. LAMAR OF GEORGIA.—Among the mortally wounded and prisoners taken by our troops, in the battles near Richmond, is Col. Lamar, who, it will be remembered, in defiance of the law and of the imbecile government at the time, imported a cargo of negroes from Africa into the South about two years ago—an act of piracy for which he should have been hung at the time, for he boldly avowed he would do it, and actually brought the negroes into port; yet the sticklers for the Constitution at the South refused to convict him, and he for the time being escaped, but has now met his reward.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

THE INFAMY OF BUCHANAN.—A correspondent of *The Tribune* (we suppose it to be Rev. M. D. Conway, a native Virginian) says his uncle was one of the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention which nominated James Buchanan, and that he remembers hearing him say at his father's table, when he returned, that James Buchanan had not been nominated until, through his friends, he had satisfied the Southern delegations, by a pledge in black and white, that in case of any controversy between the North and the South, he (J. B.) would side with the South.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS BORDER-STATE FRIENDS.—I suppose old Abe has been beset by them for a week past in a terrible manner. A man of less resiliency would have been dead long ago. Poor man! he seems, like Blondin, "consecrailed to wock a roap." We see him deftly dancing along, balancing his pole and himself, now bowing to the radicals and now to the pro-slaverytes, and best of all, getting over safely. I have faith in his agility. He will get across. The suspension bridge would be a safer and speedier way; but he will get across. The powers of nature are tender and gracious towards him, and will wait for him, for they know he means well.—*Bost. Cor. Tribune.*

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed all evil." "This means, boys," said the master, "that he eschewed evil as I do tobacco; he would have nothing to do with it." With this clear and forcible illustration of the word "eschew," he proceeded, and a number of verses were read and commented on in a similarly clear and intelligent manner. A few days afterwards the school committee called to make an examination and report progress. The master called the boys up and began to put them through an examination. "Who was the man who lived in Uz?" he asked. "Job." "Was he a good man?" "Yes." "What did he do?" "He chewed tobacco when nobody else would have anything to do with it," was the boy's answer.

THE SLAVES THE ONLY UNIONISTS.—A correspondent in Curtis's division, giving an account of late operations in Arkansas, says: "The citizens receive us sullenly, and I have met none who pretended to be loyal; but the presence of our force awes them into treating us with courtesy. Though about half a regiment of Arkansans have joined us in all, and the people everywhere are using their utmost endeavors to avoid their conscription act, still, during the latter part of our march, we have found no real Union sentiment among the whites. Perhaps a few have repressed it; but the only people who welcome us heartily are the negroes."

IRISHMEN *vs.* NEGROES IN CINCINNATI.—For some time past there has been a growing ill-feeling between the negroes and a certain party of Irishmen in Cincinnati, which on Tuesday broke out in a riot. At about nine o'clock in the evening, the Irishmen, armed with clubs and stones, proceeded in a body to the negro quarter of the city, and began to demolish such buildings as they could approach. The negroes, in turn, fired pistols and guns at their assailants. This disgraceful state of affairs lasted about three hours, when the police interfered and arrested three of the ringleaders. Strange to say, nobody was seriously injured. Several frame-houses and the negro church were completely riddled.

CONTRABANDS IN WASHINGTON.—It has been a source of great distress that the contrabands had no better place than the overcrowded rooms at Duff Green's row. I am happy to state that a general removal of them to the McClellan Barracks is going on to-day. There is much better circulation, and room for exercise. I have just had a long interview with some twenty of these negroes, who yesterday arrived here from Falmouth, Va. They say that when McDowell's army first came there, while the white women and children ran screaming to the woods, the colored people stood still; that when they saw the bridges on fire, and saw the "streams of lightning" (shells) leaping across the Rappahannock, they were sure that Judgment Day had come. I explained to them that they had hit the nail precisely on the head in that supposition.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

AN UNEXPECTED DILEMMA FOR A SECESSIONIST.—A Methodist preacher, a traitor, formerly belonging to Harford County, Maryland, returned thither a short time since, a fugitive from Virginia. Having occasion to visit a store in the neighborhood kept by a Quaker, he began, while there, to utter his treasonable sentiments. "Thee must not talk so in my store," exclaimed the Friend. "Thee has left thy friends and come hither—thee must now go out of my store, or I shall put thee out and thrash thee afterward." "I thought that Quakers did not fight!" said the preacher. "Friends who are sanctified never fight," replied the Quaker; "but I am one that is not; hence thee had better leave quickly." The secessionist had not provided for this emergency, and judged it expedient to leave.

THE FANEUIL HALL WAR MEETING was an interesting one, and, on the whole, successful. It had a good beginning, to wit: Mayor Wightman got universally hissed almost as soon as he opened his mouth. He thought it would be popular, I suppose, to have a bray at Congress, so he put on a full head of steam and started. Huc, the traveller, relates that in Thibet or Tartary, or somewhere else, he saw a patent way of silencing a noisy jackass, to wit: by hanging a heavy weight upon his tail. Donkey felt so humiliated by the fact that he could not raise his caudal appendage that he had no voice. So the storm of hisses which met Wightman's allusion to Congress cut short his speech, and he sat down. Charles G. Loring made an excellent speech, for which he gets insulted by *The Courier*. When he said slavery must be exterminated from the face of the country if the rebellion can be crushed in no other way, the applause was long and loud;

Miscellaneous Department.

EMANCIPATE.

Lo! Looms a morning long foretold!
It dawns in blood-bedabbled gold,
'Mid awe, and shame, and prayer, and wonder,
And fire, and rage, and death, and thunder;
The morn that ends a night more dread
Than that whose break showed Misraim's dead,
And twice ten thousand quenchless rays,
In awful, unresisted blaze,
Write broad above day's burning gate,
EMANCIPATE! EMANCIPATE!!

The day is here! The hour is high!
This, *this* must be our battle-cry!
None else avails, nor aught, nor can,
While manhood is denied to man!
God wills it from eternal years,
We learn it slow, through stripes and tears;
But learn at last, or learn we must
In deeper agony and dust,
God's mandate to our guilty State,
EMANCIPATE! EMANCIPATE!!

Deep from ten thousand thousand hearts
The gathering echo swells and starts!
Hearts whose best life is wrung and riven;
Hearts whose best blood like rain is given;
Hearts wise by all the woes they feel;
Hearts true as trebly-tempered steel;
They gave their bravest, day by day,
To worse than Juggernaut a prey;
And now they cry, in holy hate,
EMANCIPATE! EMANCIPATE!!

Down with the wretch who dares withstand
This sole salvation of our land!
Who dares, what time her cannon roar,
What time her veins their life-blood pour,
To shield, through all her mortal strife,
The Hydra that assaults her life!
Contemns the aid Heaven long since chose,
And foils his country, not her foes!
Down with the wretch! or small or great!
EMANCIPATE! EMANCIPATE!!

Dare to do right because 'tis right!
Dare to be read by God's own sight!
Count not false friends, nor treacherous foes!
Who smites with God what powers oppose?
Strike he who dare! Strike he who can!
A blow with heaven! A blow for man!
Strike grandly in this hour sublime
A blow to ring through endless time!
Strike! for the listening ages wait!
EMANCIPATE! EMANCIPATE!!

—*Tribune.* G. L. T.

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ADDRESS OF MR. J. M. McKIM,

At Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., to an audience invited by the Port Royal Relief Committee—Stephen Colwell, Esq., in the chair.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here to-night, at the request of my friends and coadjutors of the Port Royal Relief Committee, to give some account of a recent visit which, at their instance, I have been paying to the Sea Islands of South Carolina. My mission was one of observation and inquiry—its object being to obtain accurate information as to the condition and wants of the liberated blacks, and the progress and promise of the free-labor experiment there being made.

Before proceeding with my account, it may be proper for me to make a few preliminary statements, for the benefit of such—if such there be here—as may not have given this subject their particular attention. The successful bombardment by our fleet, under Com. Dupont, of the two rebel forts at Port Royal, put our forces in possession of all, or nearly all, that rich and fertile portion of the Palmetto State known as the Sea Islands. At the approach of our soldiers the planters fled to the main, carrying with them all the property they could, including as many of their slaves, especially their house-servants, as they could induce or compel to accompany them.

They left behind them, however, nearly 10,000 of their plantation slaves, a large proportion of whom were aged, infirm, and children. They left, also, considerable stores of corn, and still more considerable quantities of cotton. Of the latter most was ungathered and on the stalk. The negroes showed themselves so loyal and friendly, and in all respects so well disposed that our government concluded to employ them, at wages, in harvesting the cotton, and baling it for market. The wages that were promised, though moderate, were nominally—that is, in the intentions of the government—all-sufficient; but when they were disbursed in store goods at exorbitant rates, by selfish and sordid agents, they amounted to but a meagre pittance. Some of these cotton agents were honorable and upright men; others were base and unscrupulous. Nevertheless, the blacks worked industriously, and were content. As the result of their labor, upwards of 1,100,000 pounds of this valuable article was shipped to New York, there to be sold for the benefit of the National treasury. Its value in dollars and cents, and that of the labor which made it available, may be estimated when I state that a lot some six weeks ago brought seventy-two cents a pound at auction. Since that time the price has greatly advanced.

Encouraged by the success of this enterprise, the government—that is, Mr. Chase, by the advice of friends—resolved to try the experiment of planting a new crop. The undertaking was entrusted to Edward L. Peirce, Esq., at that time a private in the ranks of our volunteer army, at Fortress Monroe; previously a rising young lawyer at the bar of Boston. Mr. Peirce was a personal friend of Secretary Chase, and had been at one time his private secretary. He had proved his capacity for the work now confided to him by the skill and judgment with which, while at Fortress Monroe, he had organized the "contrabands" there and turned to account their industry and labor. Constituted Special Agent of the Treasury Department, with certain powers, one of which was to organize a corps of assistants, and another to draw on a fund placed at his disposal for the purchase of seeds, implements, etc., necessary for the execution of his task, Mr. Peirce repaired to Boston, and proceeded to lay the facts of the case before his friends and the public. In a short time, assisted by a Freedmen's Association, which had been formed there, he organized a body of about fifty men and women to go to Port Royal, there to labor as superintendents and teachers; the superintendents to oversee the planting of crops and the like, and the teachers to instruct the children, and, as far as convenient, the adults in the rudiments of learning; and both to inculcate upon all habits of self-respect and self-support, and the lessons of morality and religion.

While Mr. Peirce was thus at work in Boston, Mr. French—Rev. Mansfield French—was similarly employed in New York. Mr. French had been an old friend, also, of Mr. Chase. He was earnestly devoted to the cause of freedom, and had taken a lively and active interest in the blacks at Port Royal from the time our forces first occupied those islands. With his aid the association at New York selected upwards of forty men and women to act as laborers in this work. In a few weeks these ladies and gentlemen—for such the chief of them were, eminently and in all respects—were on the ground and at work.

In the meantime the attention of the people of Philadelphia was called to this subject. The statements published in the newspapers and the appeals of Gen. Sherman in behalf of the liberated blacks, and of Com. Dupont also, had created a lively feeling in regard to the matter. A public meeting was called, and National Hall, as you will remember, was crowded to repletion. Bishop Potter presided, and Dr. Tyng and others addressed the meeting, setting forth in eloquent terms the pitiable condition of the liberated blacks, their destitution, moral and material, and the duty devolving on the people of the North to come to their relief. A permanent committee was appointed to raise funds, to procure food and clothes for these suffering people, and otherwise to carry out the purpose of the meeting. The committee organized and went to work. In a short time they raised between five and six thousand dollars in money, and a very considerable quantity of clothes, new and second-hand. With part of the money they purchased provisions—bacon, fish, and molasses—which, with some twenty or thirty boxes of clothes, they sent South with as little delay as possible. They purchased and forwarded, also, considerable quantities of new material for men's and women's wear, and thread, needles, thimbles, and the like, with which to make it up. At the same time they sent a lady from this city to superintend the distribution of these supplies. Or rather a lady of this city voluntarily, and from her own deep interest in the cause went, and there, at Port Royal, assumed the onerous task of distributing by gift and sale these contributions of Philadelphia charity. Soon were received in return the most grateful acknowledgments from Mr. Peirce and his coadjutors. The supplies had been most timely, and had done great good. They had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, cheered the hearts of the blacks, and strengthened the hands of their white friends.

The committee, of course, were encouraged. They desired to continue and to increase their gifts, but they needed more accurate information. None of them had ever been at Port Royal, nor had any of them any personal knowledge in regard to what was most needed. The people of New York and Boston were better informed. Some from both of these cities had been on the ground. It was deemed important that one of our number should also go, and in person make himself thoroughly acquainted with the position of affairs. And because others more competent did not feel at liberty to leave their business or their duties at home, the lot fell upon me. Accompanied by my daughter, I left New York in the steamer that sailed for Port Royal on the 2d of June, and returned in the Ericsson, which arrived at that city on the 28th of the same month, having been gone about four weeks. I spent between two and three weeks of this time in visiting the chief points of the principal islands. I visited and inspected plantations on St. Helena's and Ladies' Islands, and on the islands of Port Royal and Hilton Head. I also touched at Edisto and James Islands, where I had an opportunity of making some inquiries. James Island, it will be remembered, was the scene of the late disastrous engagement between the rebel troops and our forces under Gen. Benham. While gone, in pursuance of the purpose of my mission, I talked with people of all classes; with white and black, soldiers and sailors, officers and privates, Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists. The result of my inquiries it is my business now to state.

As to the experiment of working the negroes by wages, and cultivating the land by free labor, I have to say that the enterprise has thus far, in all respects, been entirely successful. This is a fact beyond the reach of cavil, and will not be denied by any honest man having information sufficient to justify an opinion. It does not rest on the testimony of any one man or set of men, but on figures—arithmetical figures and statistical tables—which have been submitted to the world, and which challenge scrutiny. I allude particularly to Mr. Peirce's late report, which it is to be presumed most here have read.

The success of the experiment is seen in the fact that 14,000 acres of cotton, corn, and other provisions, are now in an anvanced and satisfactory state of cultivation, needing little more than a few weeks of ordinary fair weather to ensure a liberal harvest. If our arms should encounter no disastrous reverses, and these crops should be favored with the customary alternations of sunshine and shower, Mr. Peirce will have furnished an argument against slavery which merchants on change and business men will find it impossible to resist. For remember that this experiment has been made under the most unfavorable circumstances. It was not begun until full six weeks after the usual time of commencing to prepare for the new crop. The work, instead of beginning early in February, was not started till the last of March. Then the implements were altogether insufficient, both in number and character. There was a lack of hoes, plows and horses to draw the plows. Then the people were reluctant to work on cotton. They were ready enough to go to work in raising corn, the value and need of which they understood, but cotton had been their old enemy; it had been the cause of all their woes. To them it meant slavery. In this reluctance they had been encouraged by our soldiers, who had advised them not to raise cotton, which they could not eat, but only corn, which would feed them, and which would be their friend in the coming winter. It required much effort to overcome this difficulty. Then the superintendents were strangers to the work. Few of them had ever seen a cotton plant outside of a green house, and some of them knew nothing pactically of any kind of agriculture. They were strangers to the country, to the people, to the usages, to the climate, to everything, and all they had to depend upon was their own good sense and good will for the work, and the good sense and coöperative good will of the blacks. These were some of the difficulties that embarrassed the enterprise; and yet, under all these discouragements, 14,000 acres of cotton, corn and potatoes have been put under successful culture. The actual work has been done by about 3,800 laborers, that being the average number of able-bodied field hands out of the 10,000.

The success of this experiment is further seen in the contentment and happiness of the people. That they are content is seen from their looks. Wherever you go, you meet cheerful and happy faces. Their words corroborate the language of their looks. "Oh yes, massa, dese is good times." "Neber saw sich good times afore." "Too good to last, massa; too good to last." These are samples of the expressions we heard wherever we went. And yet these people have been and are still working for very scanty wages. Until this time their pay has been almost wholly in promises. But they are content. They have their freedom. They have their food and clothes, and what they value more than anything else, they have kind and sympathizing friends. There is but one alloy to their happiness, that is, their fear of "de sesesh." They can't divest themselves of a dread of their old master's return. But for this, these black people would be what their former owners falsely declared them to be, "the happiest peasantry in the world."

To get a proper idea of these people's present condition and feelings, it is only necessary to go on a Sunday to one of their churches. I availed myself of the earliest opportunity after my arrival to enjoy this privilege. On the first day of the week there, all go to church, or rather to Sunday school, which is generally held in the church. During the week children are taught (and to the number, in all the islands, of about 2,500); but on Sunday people of all ages assemble, and the superintendents and others act in the capacity of teachers. On St. Helena's Island, the Baptist church, a large brick building, was the place of meeting. When I entered, though not late, the house was well filled and the exercises had begun.

The teachers were scattered through the congregation, and with elementary books and large cards containing simple words were busy at work. These cards comprised such sentences as, "God is love," "Thou shalt not steal," "Fear God—walk in his ways," etc., etc. In this manner, they instructed the minds of these eager and docile people in the elements of our language, while at the same time they impressed upon their hearts the lessons of morality and religion. It was a pleasing sight. The people were decorous in their behaviour and tidy in their appearance. They were comfortably and even becomingly dressed, many of them wearing the clothes—frocks and jackets, etc.—that had been sent to them from Philadelphia.

Here were men and women who at home belonged to diverse and often conflicting sects, all engaged, heartily and fraternally, in inculcating upon their hearers the fundamental doctrines of a common religion. There stood, card in hand, with the upturned faces of a large class before him, young Mr. Parke, son of Professor Parke of Andover. Next to him, similarly occupied, stood Mr. Gannett, son of Rev. Dr. Gannett, successor to Dr. Channing. Not far off was the Rev. Mr. French, of the Methodist Church; further on was Mr. Ruggles, a graduate of Yale, and near him Mr. Hooper, an alumnus of Harvard, the former a Presbyterian, the latter a Unitarian. Near by stood the two ladies who have gone out under the auspices of the Port Royal Relief Committee of Philadelphia, the one an earnest Baptist and the other a conscientious and consistent member of the Church under the care of the Rev. Dr. Furness. Near them stood a young lady who was a member of no religious denomination, but who had been tenderly and conscientiously reared outside of sectarian pales, on the outskirts of liberal Quakerism. Nevertheless, her heart was as deeply interested in the work as that of any of the rest, and she as well qualified for the duty in hand. I thus specify, not to gratify curiosity, but to describe practically the character and mode of operation of the people engaged in this movement.

When the school was about to close, it was announced that there was a gentleman present from Philadelphia, who would make some remarks. "Philadelphia," it was added, "is the place from which was sent that good bacon and that nice molasses." At this the people's faces lit up with an expression of pleasure and recognition. I was glad of the opportunity to give utterance to my feelings. I told the people who I was, and what I had come for. That the people of Philadelphia were much interested in their condition; that we had heard different reports about them; that some said that the black people of South Carolina were industrious and well disposed; willing to work if well treated, and not needing the whip. Others that these blacks were lazy and good for nothing; spoiled by kind treatment, and unmanageable without a master. That I had come to see what the truth was on this and other subjects, and that I was happy to say that I had a good report to carry back; one that would delight the hearts of the many friends who would be wanting to hear what I should have to say. I had been pleased to have their assurances that they thanked heartily their distant benefactors, but that there might be no mistake on this head, I wished them now to tell me in their own words just what to say when I should get home. "Shall I repeat what I have heard you say, that you thank them and pray God to bless them?" "Yes, sa; yes, massa," came from different parts of the house. "Stand up," said one, "and speak out for yourselves." Upon this, they all rose, and then followed a shower of expressions. "Tell em, tank em; tell em, tank em, massa. Tell em tank em too much. Tell em God bless em; tell em God Almighty bless em." "I will," said I. "The very first opportunity I get I shall deliver your message." And now, my friends—you that have contributed to this holy charity, I have only to add that the blessings of the poor, and of them that have been ready to perish, have come upon you.

As I was leaving the house, I was met at the door by a group whose hearts had not been sufficiently relieved, and who needed further expression. Said one woman: "Tell de Philadelphy people we tank em *too much*, massa, TOO MUCH." This, by the way, is a common phrase with these people when they want to express themselves strongly. It is a sort of fourth degree of comparison, as it were—"much, more, very much, and *too much*." We heard it frequently used when they would be speaking of their contentment and gratitude. One man in the group took my hand and said: "Tell em tank em; tell em God bless em"; and, as if straining for a climax, he added, in very fair English, "*Give 'em my compliments.*"

The success of this enterprise is further proved by the industry, sobriety and suceptibility to control of these people. Every day of the week, except Sunday, they were to be seen busily engaged at work. Idlers and loafers, there may have been, and doubtless were, but they never fell under my observation. Mr. Wickliffe said at the anti-emancipation meeting lately, held in New York, that at Port Royal he had understood the negroes would not work, and that for every man was needed a special driver. If Mr. Wickliffe had said that black was white, or that two and two did not make four, his assertion would not have been more directly contrary to the truth.

These plantations are worked by purely voluntary labor; the driver, now called leader, having no power to force, and the superintendents having an average each of five or six plantations to oversee, which, being often miles distant, they can only attend to by occasional visits. The blacks are very tractable. A threat of the law operates like magic. A superintendent told me that a driver on one of his plantations was unruly. He reasoned with him, but the driver was obstinate. At last he said, "If you don't go to work, I will speak to the Provost-Marshal and have you arrested." The effect was instant. The man was both overawed and flattered—flattered because he had now risen to the dignity of being subject to law. He was not to be handed to the overseer for a hundred lashes, but he was to be *arrested!* The law, potent with all ignorant people, is trebly powerful with these. They are especially tractable under the management of Northern people. There is a universal feeling of admiration for and gratitude to the Northerners.

Though badly treated by some of our soldiers, officers and privates, they are discriminating, and give the "Yankees," as they call us, due credit and more for all that can be claimed for us. They are especially grateful and attached to the teachers and superintendents. They think Northern "gentle people" "purtier and purtier behaved" than "secesh gentle people." For they see in these Northern gentlemen and ladies not only all the external grace of their old masters and mistresses, but superadded a genial courtesy—an easy and sympathetic condescension—which they had not dreamed of before in white people. These young scholars from Cambridge and Yale, and young merchants from Boston and New York, come into their huts, take off their hats, sit down on their benches, listen with interest to their talk, and shed tears at the recital of their wrongs. I speak literally. No man with flesh in his heart can listen without emotion to the stories they tell. These ladies visit their sick; put their soft white hands into the rough hands of the women field laborers; dress their sores and otherwise minister to their daily wants. Such kindness, such tender and beautiful attentions they had never before thought possible; as a consequence the teachers and superintendents thus acting can do with these simple people just what they please.

The contrast drawn by the blacks between Northern and Southern manners is not an unjust one. Slaveholders are, as a class, essentially vulgar and ill-bred. They may be familiar with the forms of politeness, but they are without its spirit. Vulgarians may pass for a time, with their equals or superiors, for ladies and gentlemen, but when they get among those whom they regard as below them, they are sure to betray themselves. "Be pitiful, be courteous; condescend to men of low estate," are maxims of Christianity, the justice of which is acknowledged by the highest civilization. A man's behavior to his inferiors is the best test of his breeding. Tried by this, slaveholders as a class, are essentially vulgar.

I have many facts in my note-book on this head, which, if there were time, would illustrate this point. I have scraps of the private history of leading ladies and gentlemen in Beaufort and round about, with names and circumstances, which show that the airs of superiority assumed by these people are utterly unsupported by character, and indicate that their pretensions from beginning to end are a lie and a sham.

That the present condition of these people is in favorable contrast with that under their masters is evident from their songs, which constitute a striking feature in their manifestations of character. They are a musical people. When they work in concert, as in rowing or grinding at the mill, their hands keep time to music. Their boat songs are the ones most frequently heard. The islands are made and permeated by rivers and creeks, and the boat furnishes the most common mode of locomotion.

When the negroes begin to row, they at the same time begin to sing. All their songs are in the minor key. If one chances to begin on the major, it quickly saddens and passes into the minor. Their songs are all religious, barcaroles and all. I speak without exception. So far as I heard or was told of their singing, it was all religious. None of their songs express mirth or present joy. The only joy expressed or implied is that of hope. "Rest at last" was their general burthen; "Heaven is my home"; "Have a little patience"; "God will deliver"—these and the like were the refrains of all their ballads.

There was one which on shore we heard more than any other, and which was irresistibly touching. It was a sort of ballad, known as "Poor Rosy, Poor Gal." It is almost impossible to give an idea of the effect of this or any of their songs by a mere recital or description. They are all exceedingly simple, both in sentiment and music. Each stanza contains but a single thought, set in perhaps two or three bars of music; and yet as they sing it, in alternate recitative and chorus, with varying inflections and dramatic effect, this simple and otherwise monotonous melody will, to a musical ear and a heart susceptible of impression, have all the charm of variety. Take, for instance, a few stanzas from the dirge of "Poor Rosy." Fancy the first line sung in the major key, and the two following changed by an easy transition, and with varying inflections, into the minor, and you will have some idea of the effect.

Poor Rosy, poor gal!
Poor—Rosy—poor—gal!
P-o-o-r R-o-s-y, p-o-o-r g-a-l!
Heaven shall be my home.

Hard trial on my way!
Hard—trial—on—my—way!
H-a-r-d t-r-i-a-l o-n m-y w-a-y!
Heaven shall be my home.

Wonder what de people want of me,
Wonder—what—de—people—want—of—me,
W-o-n-d-e-r w-h-a-t d-e p-e-o-p-l-e w-a-n-t o-f m-e,
Heaven shall be my home.

When I talk I talk with God!
When—I—talk—I—talk—with—God!
W-h-e-n I t-a-l-k I t-a-l-k w-i-t-h G-o-d!
Heaven shall be my home.

I asked one of these blacks—one of the most intelligent I had met—where they got these songs. "Dey make 'em, sah." "How do they make them?" After a pause, evidently casting about for an explanation, he said, "I'll tell you; it's dis way. My master call me up and order me a short peck of corn and a hundred lash. My friends see it and is sorry for me. When dey come to de praise meeting dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers and know how; and dey work it in, work it in you know, till dey get it right; and dat's de way." A very satisfactory explanation.

I said these songs were all in the minor key. This was a mistake. They have one that has a cheerful, and, as it sounded when I first heard it, a hilarious ring. It is a new one, made, as they said, "since secesh times." It runs thus:

No more driver call for me,
No more driver call;
No more driver call for me,
Many a thousand die!

No more peck of corn for me,
No more peck of corn;
No more peck of corn for me,
Many a thousand die.

No more hundred lash for me,
No more hundred lash;
No more hundred lash for me,
Many a thousand die.

and so on, recounting all the incidents of slave life.

When I first heard this song I was going up from Hilton Head to Beaufort in a boat rowed by a half dozen men detailed from the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. They were in fine voice and spirits, and the echoes came back from the inlets of Ladies and St. Helena with fine effect. As we passed along we encountered a boat load of black people rowing in the opposite direction. They were acquaintances of our oarsmen, and, after the first salutation, asked what those clothes meant? Our crew were dressed in the blue blouse and pants and felt hat which constitute the uniform of the regiment. They explained—one of them adding, in a tone of laughing triumph, "We'se Uncle Sam's chil'n now; we'se Uncle Sam's chil'n; we're none of your fiel' hans'." The others looked envious and passed on. The fact that these people are thought worthy to be enlisted as soldiers adds to their self-respect.

I dwell on these songs not as a matter of entertainment but of instruction. They tell the whole story of these people's life and character. There is no need, after hearing them, to inquire into the history of the slaves' treatment. Recitals of this kind one will hear enough of, whether he desires it or not; for these people, having now, for the first time in their lives, sympathetic listeners, pour out their hearts in narrations which nothing but flint can resist. I ought to add, before leaving this subject, that their songs, like their talk, are couched in a barbarous, Africanized sort of English, and are sometimes quite unintelligible. In the specimens I have here given I have not followed their pronunciation.

The success of a judicious system of free labor at the South is insured by the large development on the part of the blacks of the religious sentiment. As persons deprived of one sense acquire greater susceptibility in those that remain, so it would seem that these people, degraded in body, stunted in intellect, scarred and twisted out of shape in their muscular and mental forms of existence, have acquired additional strength in their spiritual life. Religion is universal among them. To be sure, in most cases it is a mere sentiment or habit, and not sufficient to preserve them against temptation; but in many cases it is a living and active operative principle. Their convictions are strong and their experiences vivid. They speak of "seeing God" and "hearing God" with a simplicity of faith which sounds fanatical, but which to the philosophical mind is quite consistent with reason. Their spiritual perceptions are like sight or sound; and thus it is that they are supported in their trials. God is a present refuge to them in every time of trouble. "Francis," said I to an old gray-haired man who was conning over his spelling-book, "why do you take the trouble to learn to read? You say it is hard work and very discouraging; why do you try?" "Because, massa, I want to be satisfied; I want to read de Word of God." "But can't you know the Word of God without reading it in a book?" "Yes, massa, I *do* know it. I know it *here!*" striking himself on the breast; "but I want to read it for myself." I had asked the same question of an elderly woman, on the Sunday previous, at Sunday-school. She was one of those spiritual-faced ones whom you will sometimes find amongst the most illiterate. Her countenance told a story of suffering and of triumph. "Tamar," said I, "why, at your age, do you take so much trouble to learn to read?" "Because I want to read de Word of de Lord." "But can't you know the Word of the Lord without reading it?" "Yes, massa, I can *hear* it, but I want to *read* it." "How can you *hear* it?" "I hear de voice *here*," laying her hand on her breast; "I have hearn it, massa." "When, Tamar, did you ever hear it?" Turning upon me her full and deep eyes, she said: "One morning, sa; one morning I went out to de woods before daylight to pray. My heart was full of sorrow; and when I was praying, de Lord spoke to me!" "And what did he say, Tamar?" "He said, 'Tamar! all you'se sins is forgiven; you're my chile.'" "Well," said I, waiting for her to go on. "Den I was filled with lub and joy; my heart was full of lub for everybody." "Not for your old master too, Tamar?" "Yes, sir, for my master and eberybody." Now who will say that this old woman had not heard the voice of God? And whose religious faith will bear a stronger test than hers?

Religion has afforded these people their only resource; they have no amusements, no diversions, no social visiting. Their children have no plays—no games whatever. The "praise house" (prayer house), as the hut in which they hold their meetings is called, is their only recreation. Here, as one of their songs goes, they

Sing and pray
Their souls away,

in sweet forgetfulness of their wrongs.

The night after the bacon arrived from Philadelphia, the people on Pope's plantation gathered in the "praise house," and sung and prayed till broad daylight. In the camp of the black regiment there is, I was told, a prayer-meeting in one or other of the tents every night. I may here add, in passing, that there is no better behaved set of men on Hilton Head than this same "First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers." Their appearance, in their dark blue uniform and black felt hats, is picturesque. They handle the musket with as much dexterity as other new recruits, and their proficiency in marching is more rapid. Their camp is kept neat and tidy, and they compare well in all respects with others of more favored complexion. As for their military capacity and the wisdom of Gen. Hunter in enrolling them as soldiers, I say nothing here; not for want of well settled convictions on these points, but because these points are not embraced in the range of inquiry, the results of which it is my business here to report.

But I must hasten on. I should be glad to speak here of the relation which this movement sustains to military people and affairs in South Carolina, and of the deep interest in its success which has been taken by distinguished officers of the army and navy. I refer more particularly to Gen. Hunter and Com. Dupont. Both of these gentlemen—and they are in all respects gentlemen—more than can be said of many others high in military and naval command—have shown themselves philanthropists, as well as patriots with a just sense of the honor of the country, by the care they have taken to protect and provide for the unhappy people who have been thrown upon the nation's charity.

The Port Royal Relief Committee, more deeply impressed than ever with the importance of their work, desire now to prosecute it with increased efficiency. They will be calling for funds and clothes, and superintendents for the plantations, and teachers. There will be no need hereafter to send provisions; the government will see to that. But clothes for the aged, for the infirm, and for children, will have to come for a while yet from the charities of the people.

The able-bodied can support themselves, but they must be protected from imposition. It is contemplated by the committee to establish a store on one of the islands, at which goods can be bought at rates covering first cost and transportation. This is deemed necessary to save these poor people from the exactions to which they are subject from the traders and sutlers, who first rob them of their money and then slander their character.

Thirty new superintendents are needed at this moment on plantations. Of these Boston will furnish ten, New York ten, and Philadelphia ought to send the other ten. Gen. Saxton, on the part of the government, will pay these superintendents fifty dollars a month. Teachers are also wanted. These will derive their support from the Relief Committee; their pay will not be such as to make the appointment an object, as it will not exceed twenty-five dollars a month.

The qualifications needed by both superintendents and teachers are good health, good sense, and a hearty good will for the work. Of the ninety odd who went out last spring, quite a number proved incompetent. They had not gone from the right motive, nor were they of the right spirit. Some went, hoping the climate would be good for their health, or from a spirit of romance, or to see a semi-tropical country with its peculiar productions, or in a spirit of sectarian religious zeal, or from some other motive not essentially unselfish, and in harmony with an all-pervading desire to be useful. Such people soon got tired; or their coadjutors got tired of them. There was a great deal of work to be done; and to them the life was one of dull, monotonous drudgery. They have consequently come home. Those that remain have a heart for the work. It is their delight. The good they do is palpable, and they have the reward in their own bosoms. More of such are needed, especially as superintendents. For this field it is not the pushing, driving, and rough-and-tumble kind of people, that are sometimes called "practical," that are most needed. The forces of chief avail here are spiritual forces, such as proceed from a heart devoted to the work, and from manners and character that inspire respect. The best educated and best bred people, other things being equal, are the best qualified for usefulness in this enterprise. The blacks have quick intuitions in these matters; and a man of coarse nature is sure to be detected. Experience at Port Royal has proved that refinement in a superintendent is all important both in order to commend the man to the confidence of the blacks and the enterprise to the respect of white cavillers around who are ever on the look out for grounds of objection. But I will add nothing more on this point—broad as is the subject—nor on any other, at this time. The night is hot, and I have trespassed already too long on your forbearance. Thanking you for your patience, I here abruptly close my remarks.

[Mr. McKim spoke for an hour and three quarters. He was listened to with the closest attention, and was frequently interrupted by applause. His allusions to the black regiment, and to the handsome behavior of Gen. Hunter and Com. Dupont toward the free labor experiment elicited especial marks of approbation.]

American Babies.—I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed and kept in the background, as children are kept with us, and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling by the hour together in agony of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders, and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favorable to laughter and soft, childish ways than beef-steaks and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea which I should never dare to broach to an American mother; but I must confess that after my travels on the western continent my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beef-steaks and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning, childish ways are, I fancy, the produce of bread and milk.—*Anthony Trollope.*

IN WAR-TIME.

INSCRIBED TO W. B.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief
And anxious care in fantasies outwrought
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or caught
From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou and I,
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe,—
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil day
May haply find, through automatic play
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,
And hearten others with the strength we gain.
I know it has been said our times require
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,
But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep sweet,
If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat
The bitter harvest of our own device
And half a century's moral cowardice,
As Nurnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung,—
So let us hold against the hosts of Night
And slavery all our vantage-ground of Light.
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of man,
And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,
(God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of peace:
No foes are conquered who the victors teach
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.
Thus, while the east wind keen from Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds,—
A song of breeze and billow, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Or beach, moonlighted, on the waves they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)
Something it has—a flavor of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from pain.

AMY WENTWORTH.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee:
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
Fair toast of all the town!—
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stair-ways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery-floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor bar
To see the white gulls fly,
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HOW TO HITCH OUR WAGGON TO A STAR.

From Conway's "Golden Hour."

It is one of the signs of the times, that the revolution was strong enough to take up bodily the Sage of Concord, and set him in the Capital of this nation to instruct our rulers. The advice he gave them may be summed up in the one sentence, *Hitch your waggon to a star!*

Why not, Mr. President? You have some difficulty in making things go, possibly have some doubt as to whether they can be made to go; but if you could manage to hitch the Union to a star, *that* will be sure to move. If you can get the LAWS OF NATURE to aid in the reunion of North and South, you need not fear any Confederate efforts at keeping them apart.

The very intensity and virulence of the hatred which the South has for the North suggest that the feeling is extremely morbid, and not very deep. It is not deliberate, nor based on any actual difference, and for that very reason must make up in violence what it lacks in the nature of things. This hatred also has sprung up too quickly to have much depth or genuineness. It was within a comparatively recent period that the South was one with the North. We are of the same blood; our fathers were within our memory united. Section has intermarried with section.

There has been but one satanic divider who has opened a chasm between us—slavery. The interests of slavery cannot be made the interests of free society; and there cannot be one institution of free society—such as the free press, and free speech, and free school—which is not a bomb-shell for slavery. Free society being necessarily a continual assault upon slavery, slavery hates the North. It is not the Southern man, it is the virus of slavery in his veins, which hates the North; as the Indian pleaded before the Court, that not he, but the whiskey, committed the murder. Take that virus away, my Northern friend, and he is a Saxon man, she a Saxon woman, like yourself.

The writer of these pages was reared in the midst of hatred and contempt of the Northern people, and did himself hate and despise them cordially during all his early youth; he held it to be his highest ambition to assist in severing that section from the North. But fortune led him to a year's residence in a little Quaker settlement where slavery did not exist, and which consequently was an oasis upon a slavery-wasted desert; and with this one step out of the atmosphere of slavery, with the first glance of doubt toward that institution, a cloud of illusions cleared up, the antipathy to Northern men disappeared, and he experienced a revulsion in their favor which did them even more than justice.

He knows, moreover, the leaders of the Southern rebellion, many of them personally, all of them by character, and knows them to be very earnest madmen; he knows that the North can, by sealing up the one source of madness and disunion which has within a few years brought about this alienation, wither it up forever.

France and England had a much longer and more rancorous feud than this between the North and the South. "I will fight a Frenchman," said Lord Nelson, "wherever I can find him; wherever he can anchor, my ship shall be there." But a year of a common interest made them allies; lately their sovereigns exchanged visits; and it is the estimate of the best judges that the current generation will bear to its grave all memory of the feud between the English and the French.

Men will love, and if need be die for, that by which they and their families lives. If slavery is the basis of their homes; if from slave institutions comes the bread that sustains the life of wife and child, then they will fight and die for slavery. If the home, the bread of wife and child, are derived from free institutions, then for these men will fight and die. Did we only compel the people of the South to get their daily bread from free institutions, in less than five years they would be ready